

F.D.C.

No. 9

COMICS

LUCKY

10¢

U.S. & CANADA

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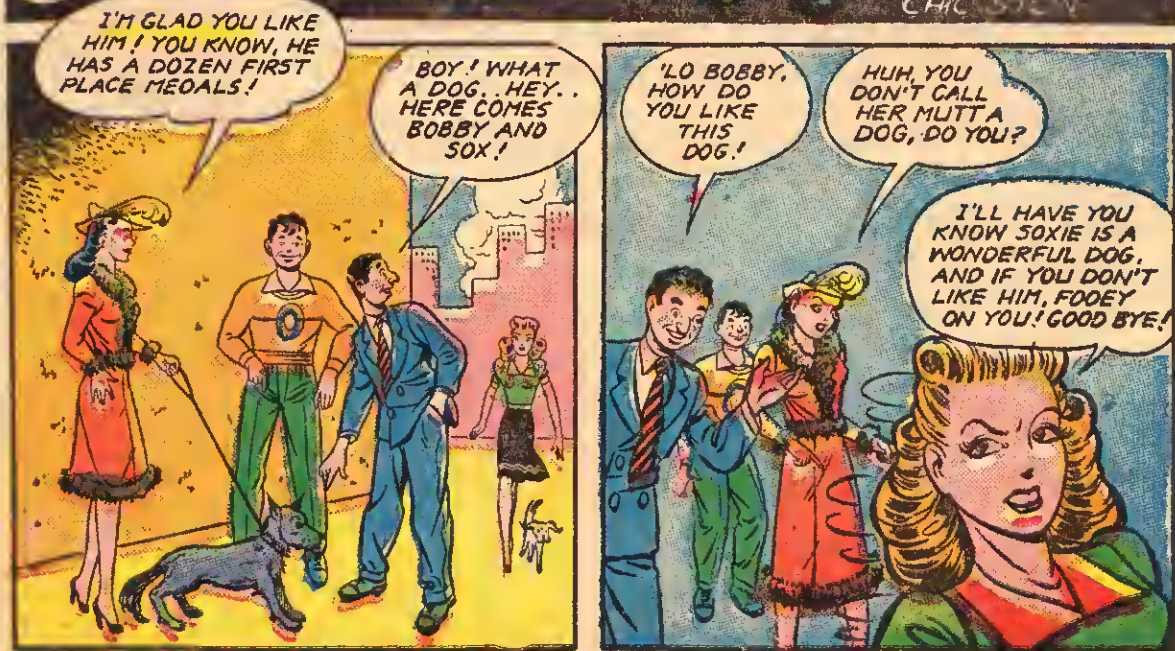
WALTER
JOHNSON



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Bobbie Sox

WHEN GLAMOROUS GLORIA GETRICH BUZZES INTO TOWN WITH A BLUE RIBBON WOLF HOUND AT HER HEELS, BOBBY AND SOX ARE OUT OF THE PICTURE AS FAR AS THE YOUNG SWAINS ARE CONCERNED... UNTIL... SOX HITS THE HEADLINES!



THAT NIGHT... THAT NEW GIRL GLORIA THINKS SHE'S HOT STUFF WITH THAT FUR COAT ON A LEASH! I THINK THE BOYS GO MORE FOR HER POOCH THAN HER!

MAYBE, SOME DAY I'LL GET ME A BLUE RIBBON TOO!

HELLO, MR. KANE.. HOW COME YOU'RE WALKING A DOG TOO?

OH, THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF PETTY BURGLARIES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD LATELY! WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO RUN DOWN THE PROWLERS WITH A DOG!

GOLLY I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! SOXIE.. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU!

SAY, HE MUST SEE SOMETHING IN THOSE BUSHES! WHAT DO YOU SMELL, BUCK?

IT MUST BE A PROWLER, ALL RIGHT! GO GET 'EM, BUCK!

OHOO! I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE! SOX, QUIT IT.. STOP PULLING LIKE THAT!

BUT BOBBIE'S LEASH SLIPS FROM HER HAND!

SOXIE GOT AWAY! HERE SOX... COME BACK!

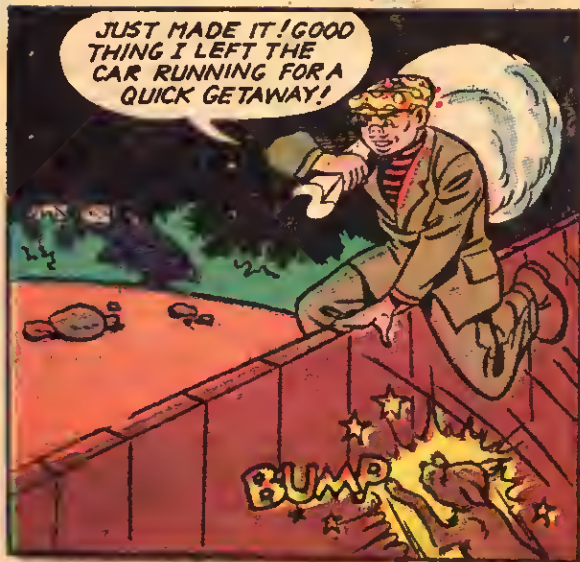
STOP! DON'T GO NEAR THERE, THOSE PROWLERS ARE DANGEROUS!

WHILE IN THE DARKNESS BEHIND THE BUSHES....

DOGS!
I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE...
AND FAST!!!



IF I CAN MAKE THAT FENCE, THE DOG WILL NEVER GET ME! TOO HIGH FOR HIM TO JUMP!

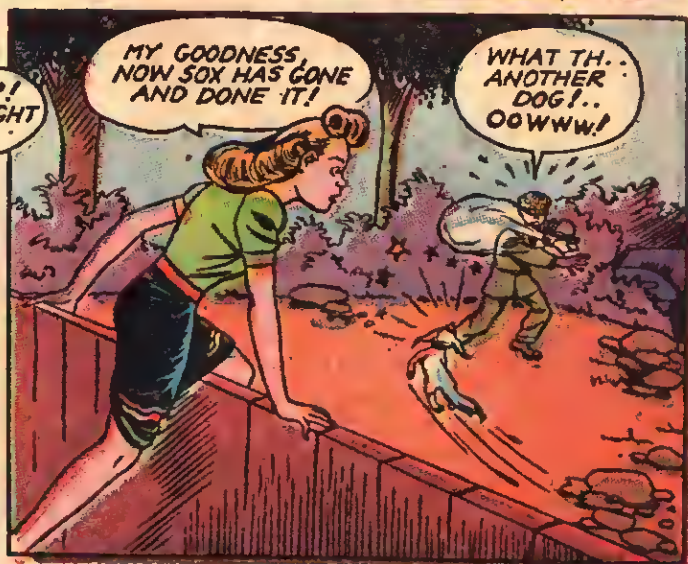


JUST MADE IT! GOOD THING I LEFT THE CAR RUNNING FOR A QUICK GETAWAY!



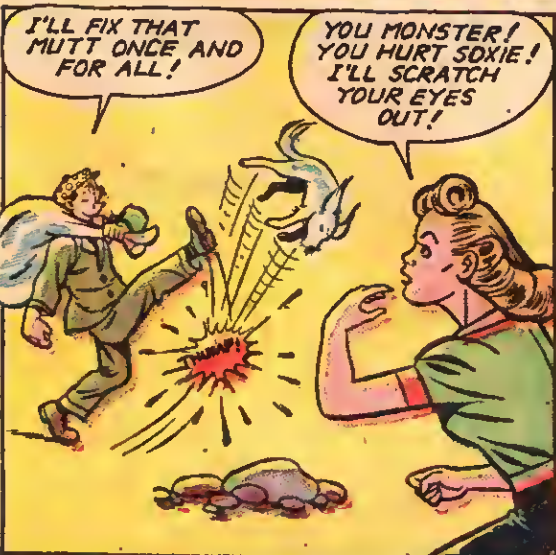
DON'T GO UNDER THERE, SOX! OH GEE... I'LL HAVE TO CLIMB OVER!

BOBBIE, STOP! THAT GUY MIGHT HAVE A GUN!



MY GOODNESS, NOW SOX HAS GONE AND DONE IT!

WHAT TH.. ANOTHER DOG!.. OOWWW!



I'LL FIX THAT MUTT ONCE AND FOR ALL!

YOU MONSTER! YOU HURT SOXIE! I'LL SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT!



OUT...

HOLD ON THERE!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, COPPER, OR I'LL PLUG THE GIRL! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME!

I'M USING THE
KID FOR A SHIELD,
SEE! SO DON'T TRY
TO FOLLOW ME!



TAKE IT
EASY, BOBBY,
WE'LL GET YOU
OUT OF THIS!



WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING ME!
LET ME GO!



SHUT UP AND
GET IN THERE!
YOU'LL FIND
OUT!

MEANWHILE, THE POLICEMAN GETS BUSY.....



GOT A
PHONE HERE?
THERE'S JUST
BEEN SOME
TROUBLE!

SURE, RIGHT
OVER THERE!
WHAT'S
UP?

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, A BLACK
SEAGAN... PUT OUT THE DRAG
NET... THE GUY IS ARMED SO
HAVE THE BOYS USE CAUTION
SO THAT THEY WON'T HIT THE
GIRL!



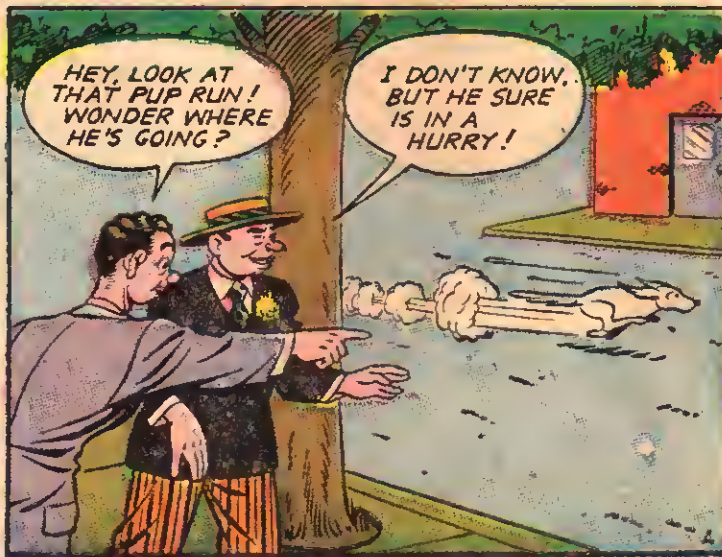
RIGHT, I GOT
IT! WE'LL CALL
ALL CARS AT
ONCE!

BEHIND THE HOUSE, SOX
STAGGERS TO HIS FEET...



WHAT HIT ME...
I REMEMBER, THAT
CROOK! I'LL SMELL
HIM DOWN IF IT'S
THE LAST THING
I DO!

DOG
LANGUAGE



HEY, LOOK AT
THAT PUP RUN!
WONDER WHERE
HE'S GOING?

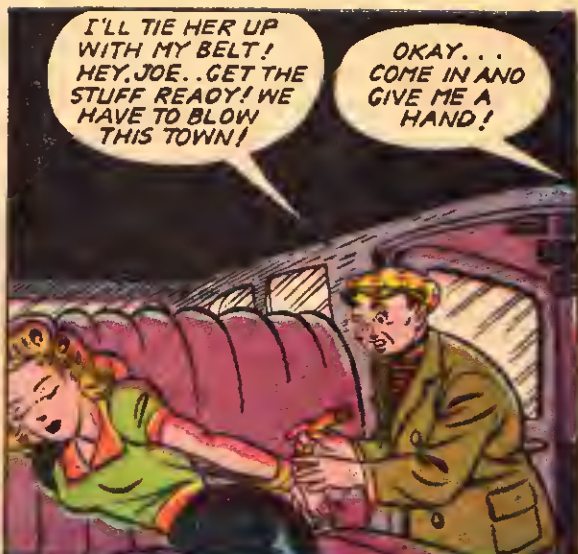
I DON'T KNOW,
BUT HE SURE
IS IN A
HURRY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE CROOK'S CAR PULLS UP BEFORE AN OLD BUILDING IN THE SUBURBS....



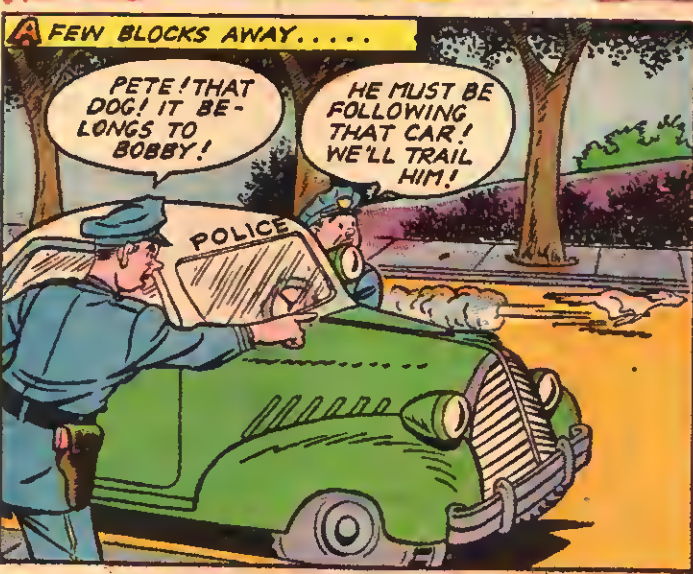
GOT TO THINK FAST!
LET ME GO!
AHHH!

WHAT! SHE'S
FAINTED! SHE'LL
BE QUIET NOW
AT LEAST!



I'LL TIE HER UP
WITH MY BELT!
HEY, JOE... GET THE
STUFF READY! WE
HAVE TO BLOW
THIS TOWN!

OKAY...
COME IN AND
GIVE ME A
HAND!



PETE! THAT
DOG! IT BE-
LONGS TO
BOBBY!

HE MUST BE
FOLLOWING
THAT CAR!
WE'LL TRAIL
HIM!



LUCKY I COULD REACH THE
IGNITION KEYS WITH MY TEETH!
I'LL DROP THEM BEHIND THE
CUSHIONS... THAT'LL STALL
'EM A WHILE!



I MUST HAVE
DROPPED THE
KEYS, JOE! SEE
IF THEY'RE OUT
THERE!

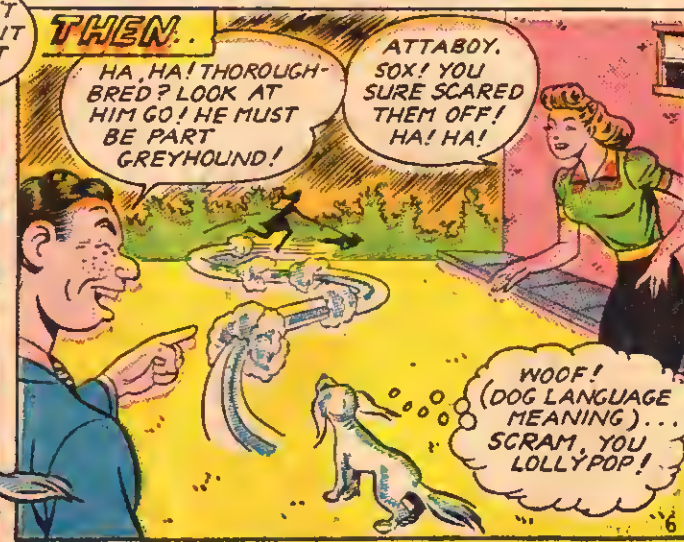
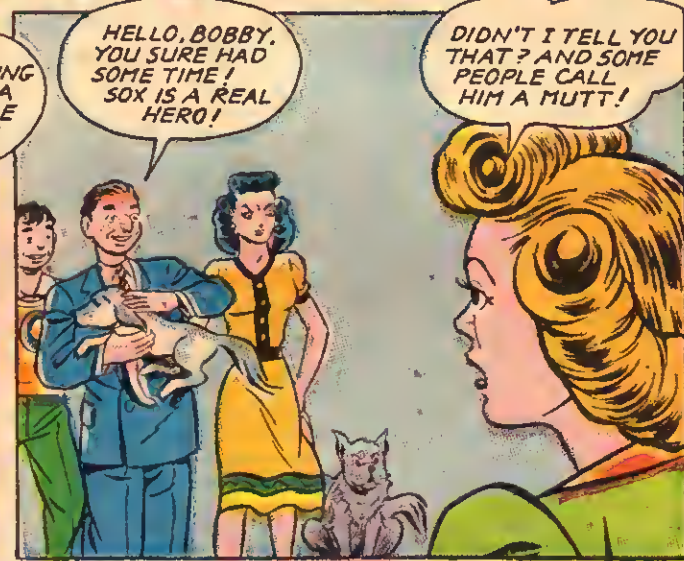
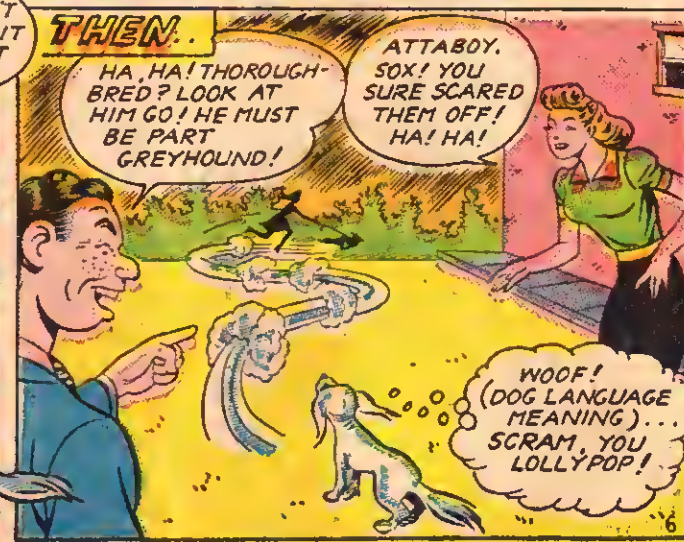
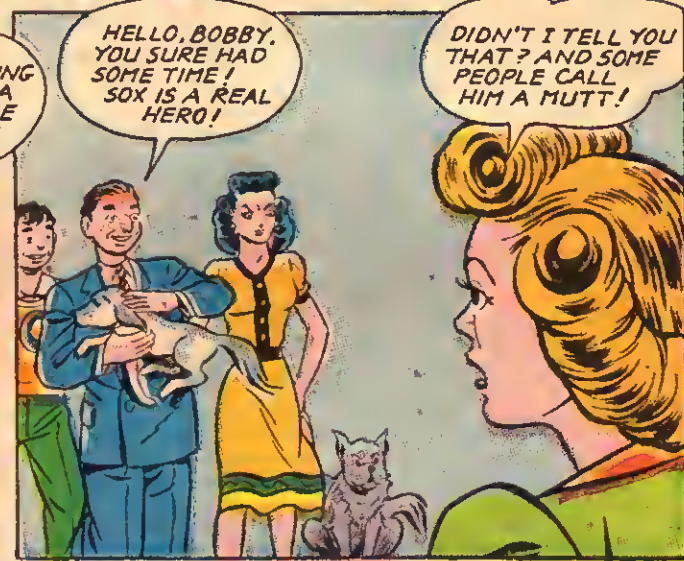
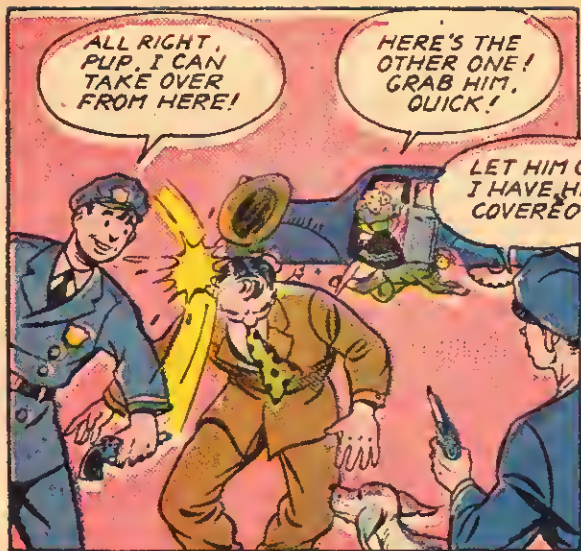
DON'T
SEE 'EM!
HEY...
SOMEBODY'S
COMING!

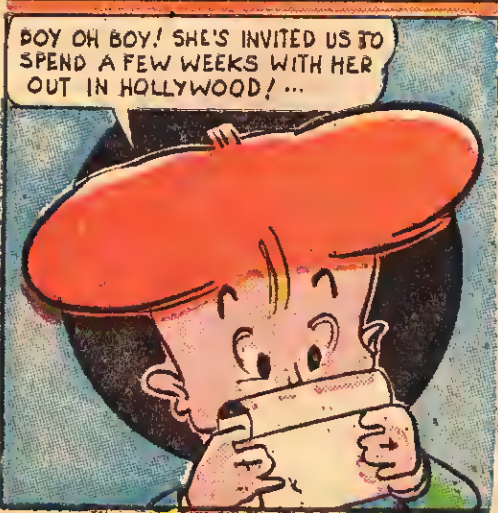
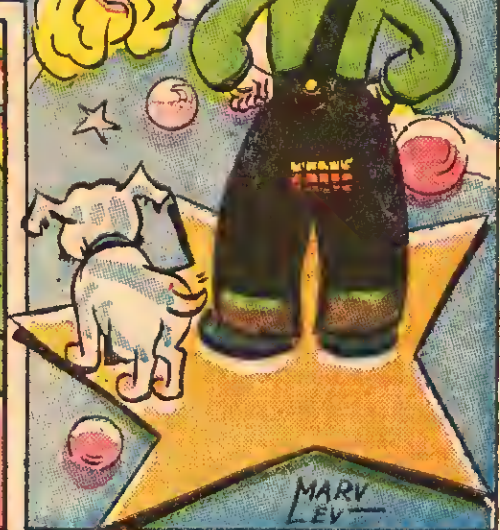
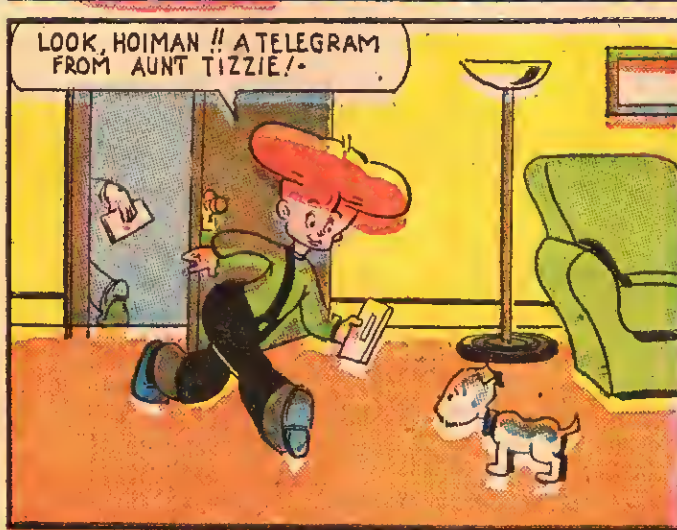
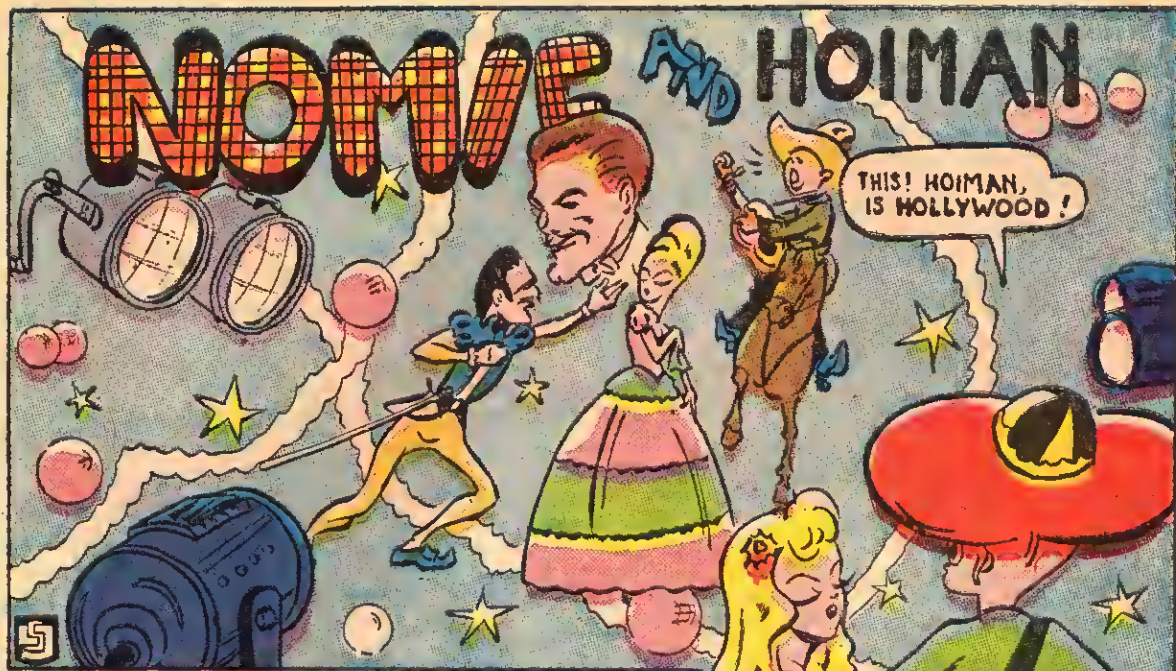


BUT AS THE CROOK REACHES FOR HIS GUN...

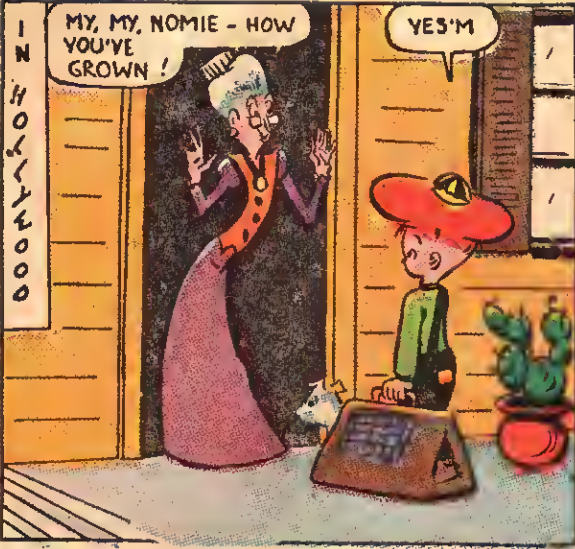
IT'S THE
COPS!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!
OWW! MY WRIST!

HELP!
I'M IN THE
CAR!





IN HOLLYWOOD



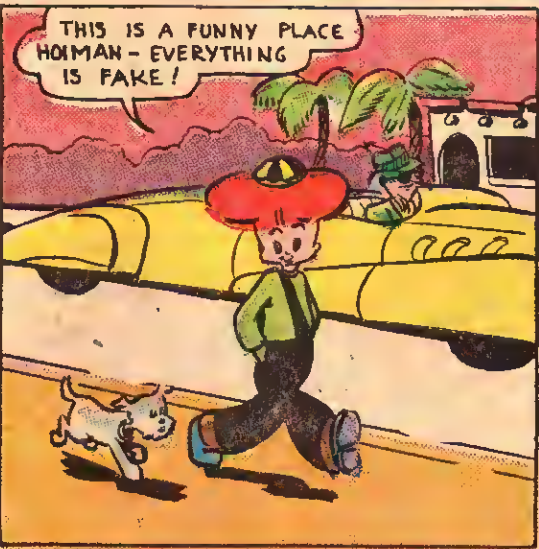
MY, MY, NOMIE - HOW YOU'VE GROWN!

YES'M

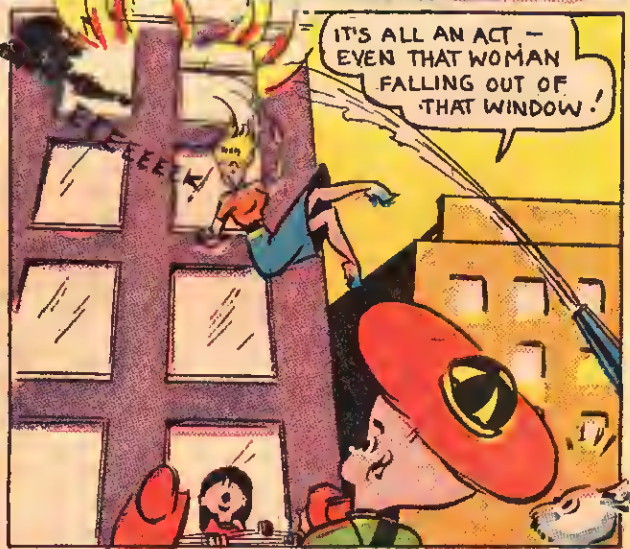


YOU MAY GO OUT AND PLAY, NOW - BUT DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE!

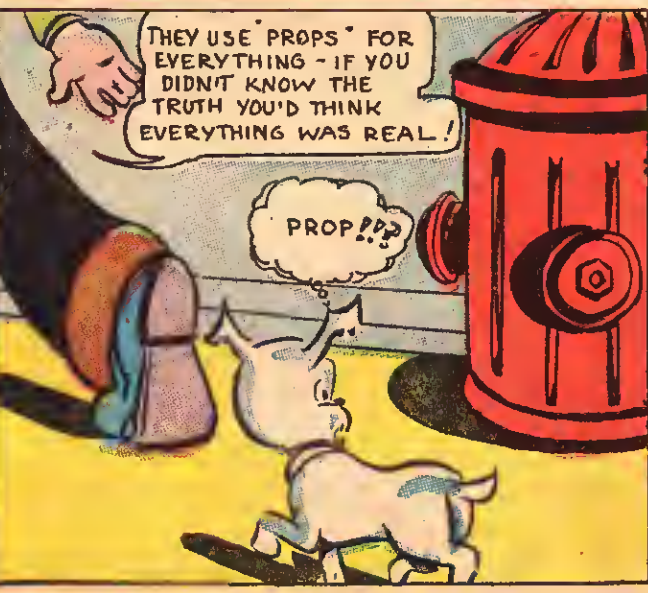
OKAY AUNT TIZZIE!



THIS IS A FUNNY PLACE HOIMAN - EVERYTHING IS FAKE!



IT'S ALL AN ACT - EVEN THAT WOMAN FALLING OUT OF THAT WINDOW!

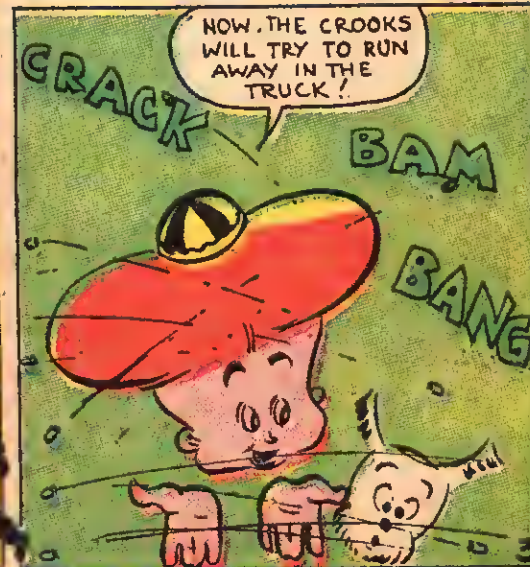
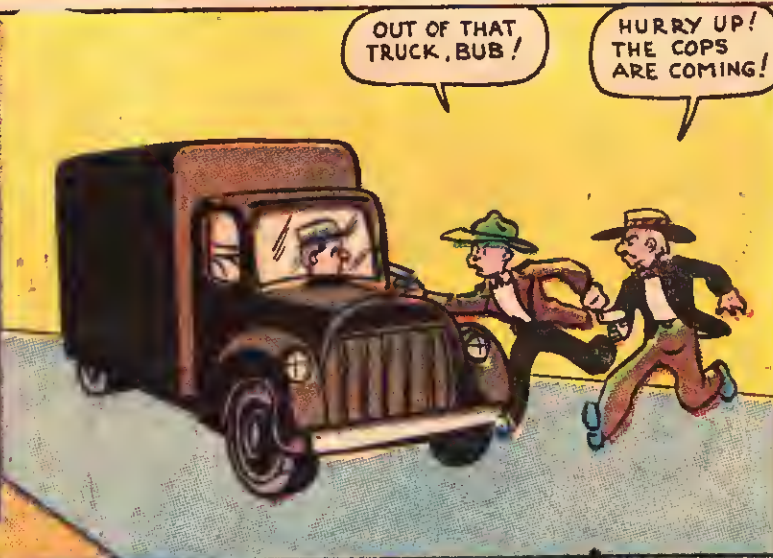
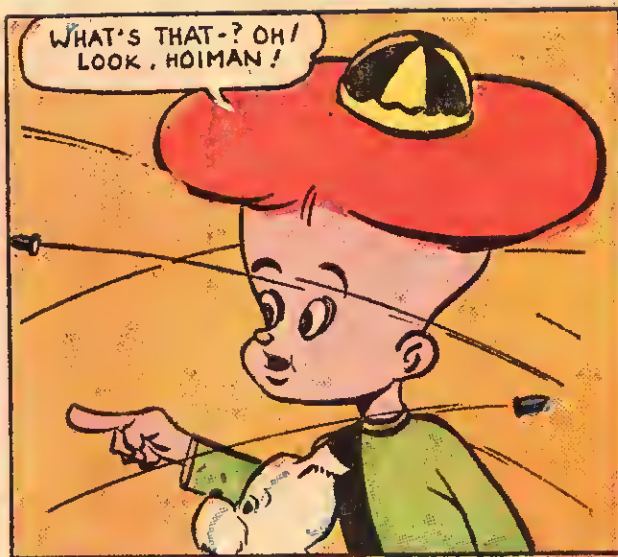
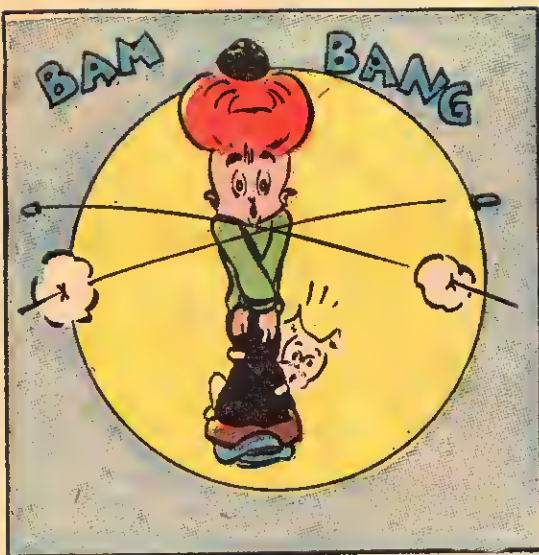


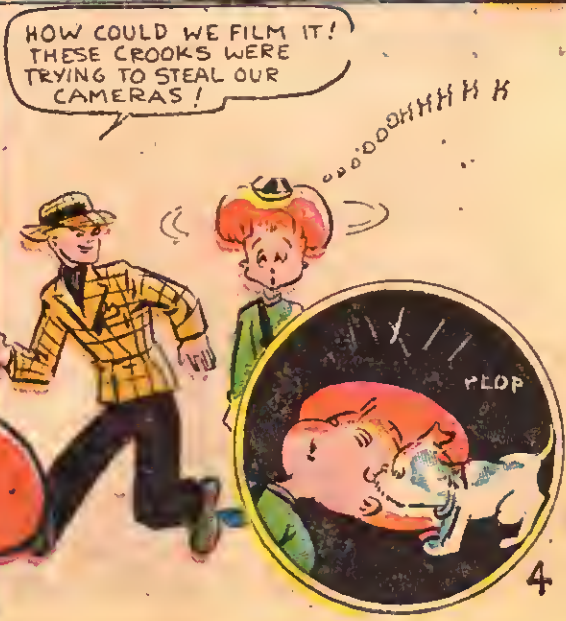
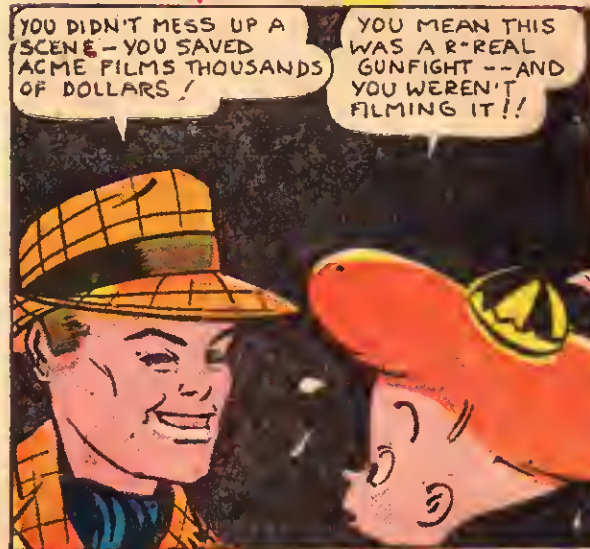
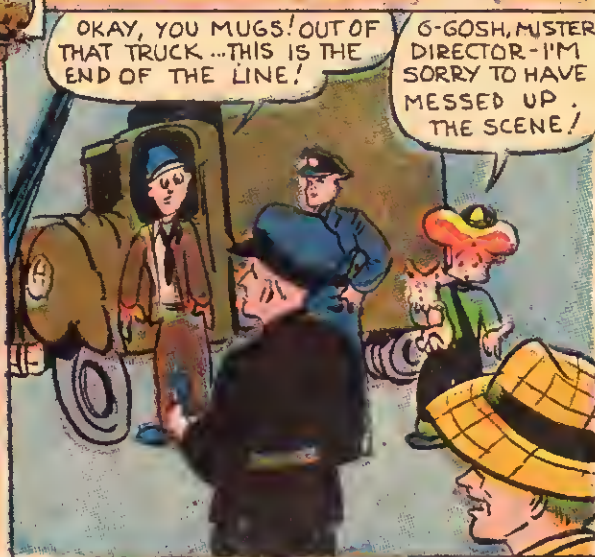
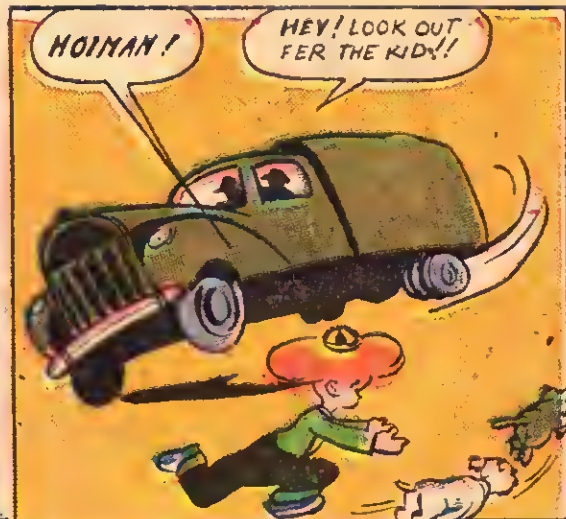
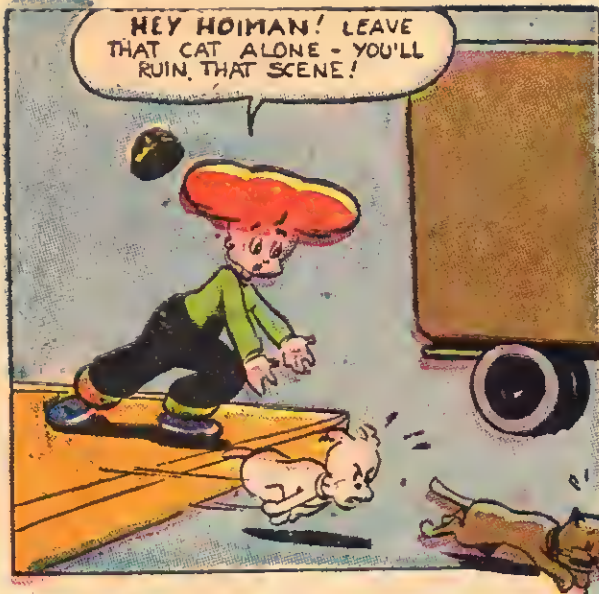
THEY USE 'PROPS' FOR EVERYTHING - IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH YOU'D THINK EVERYTHING WAS REAL!

PROP!!?



THIS IS A PLACE WHERE YOU BELIEVE NOTHING OF WHAT YOU SEE - AND HALF OF WHAT YOU HEAR!





LUCKY STARR

"THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN TO ME..."

THE LIFE OF A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER IS A HARD ONE... BUT LUCKY STARR TOPS EVERYTHING WHEN HIS EDITOR GIVES HIM AN ASSIGNMENT TO... BUT, CARRY ON AND YOU'LL FIND OUT WHERE HE GETS ASSIGNED!

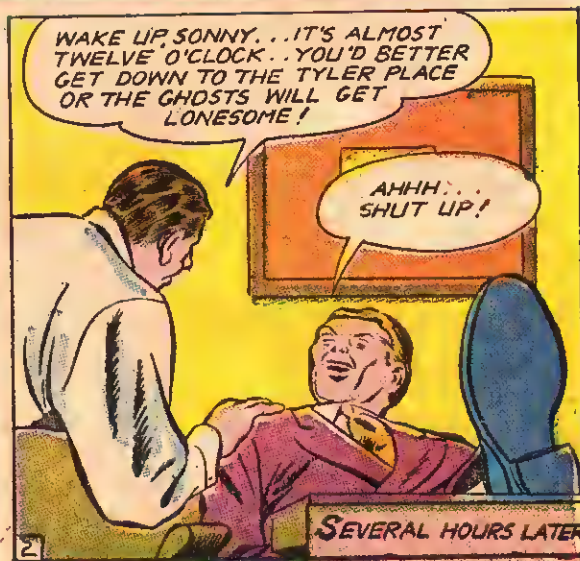
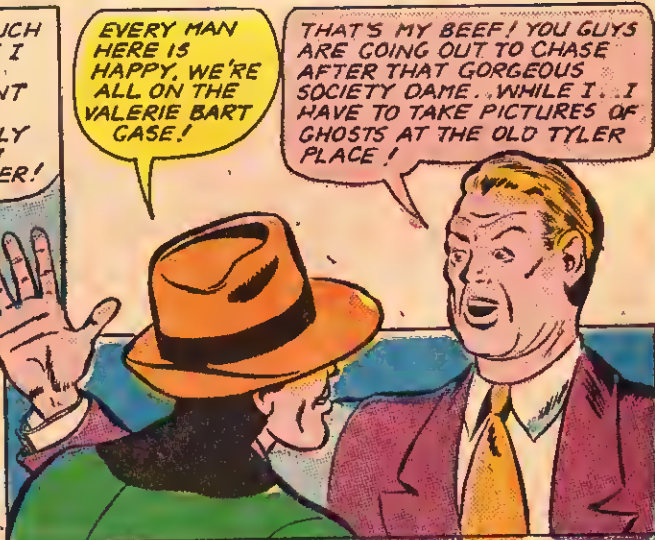
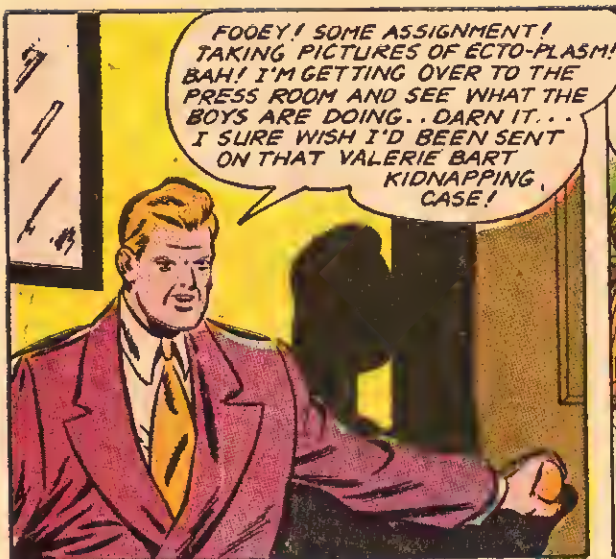
ANOTHER UNUSUAL "LUCKY STARR" STORY FULL OF CHILLS AND THRILLS, IN A REALLY DIFFERENT SETTING, WITH TWISTS AND TURNS THAT WILL DELIGHT YOU!

YEAH, BOSS? YOU SENT FOR ME?

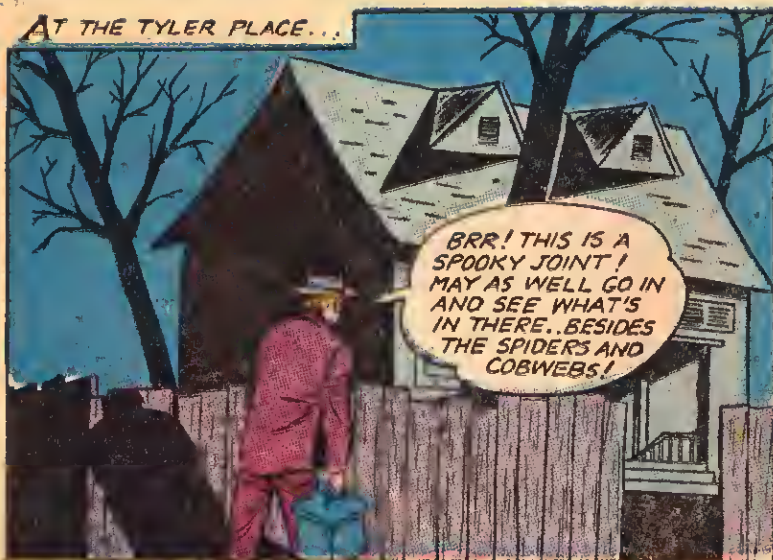
LUCKY.. I'M GIVING YOU A BREAK... IT SEEMS THAT WE'RE TO DO A SUNDAY FEATURE ABOUT HAUNTED HOUSES! SO YOU, ME BUCK-O, WILL GET PICTURES OF THE OLD TYLER PLACE OVER ON NORTHRUP STREET... FROM THE INSIDE, CATCH?

Y'MEAN I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE PICTURES INSIDE A HAUNTED HOUSE? BUT BOSS, WHAT'LL I PHOTOGRAPH, THE GHOSTS? HAVE A HEART, BOSS AND PUT ME ON THAT VALERIE BART CASE... SHE'S PRETTY, LOTSA CHEESE CAKE AN'...

YOU TOUCH ME, PAL... GET OVER TO THE TYLER PLACE OR I'LL PHONE THE GUILD FOR A NEW PHOTOGRAPHER... AND REMEMBER, LAD GET THERE AT MIDNIGHT. THAT'S WHEN THE GHOSTS WALK! HA! HA!



AT THE TYLER PLACE...



BRR! THIS IS A SPOOKY JOINT! MAY AS WELL GO IN AND SEE WHAT'S IN THERE.. BESIDES THE SPIDERS AND COBWEBS!



HEH..HEH..NICE PLACE FOR A MURDER..UH..I'LL GO UPSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT THERE IS TO SEE... NOTHING...I... HOPE!

AS LUCKY GOES UPSTAIRS A STRANGE ASSEMBLAGE ENTERS THE OLD MANSION....



OOOH, ARNIE..IT'S SPOOKY! BUT IT WAS A SUPER IDEA OF YOURS TO HOLD A "HAUNTED HOUSE" MASQUERADE PARTY HERE!

AH..IT WAS NUTHIN'..I ALWAYS GET IDEAS! LET'S GO DOWN IN THE BASEMENT

GULP! IS THAT MUSIC I HEAR...ULP! IT'S COMIN' FROM DOWNSTAIRS! IF MY KNEES WILL EVER STOP KNOCKING TOGETHER, I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

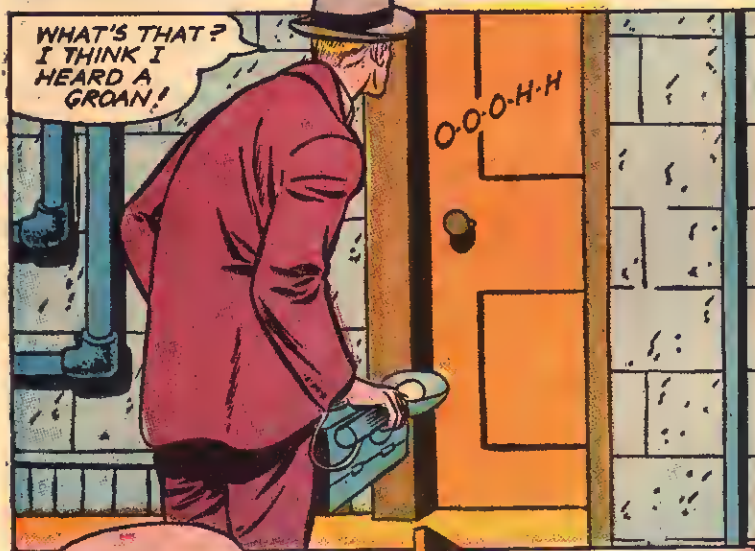
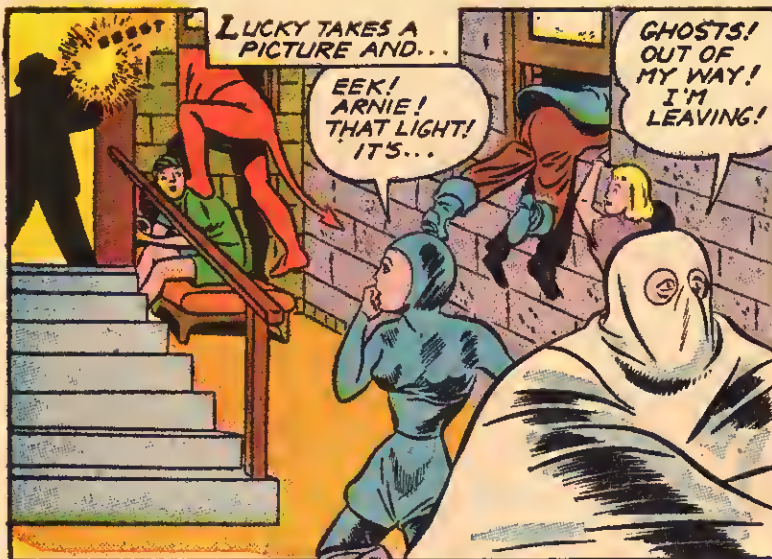


UPSTAIRS.. FOOEY..THERE ISN'T EVEN A DECENT LOOKING SPIDER TO SHOOT A PIC OF..THIS ASSIGNMENT IS A WASH-OUT!



LUCKY STEELS HIMSELF AND GOES DOWN TO SEE....

I'LL BE DARNED.. 'A PARTY! WELL, I'LL TAKE SOME SHOTS!





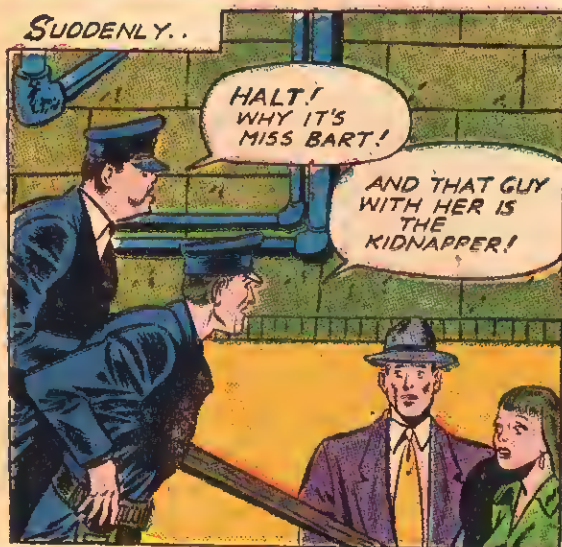
I'LL TRY TO
REVIVE HER..
UH.. SHE'S
COMING
TO!

WH.. WHAT..
WHO ARE
YOU?



I'M LUCKY STARR,
NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER
..AND YOU'RE
VALERIE BART!

THAT'S WHO I
AM... AND NOW
LET'S GET OUT
OF THIS CLAP-
TRAP BEFORE MY
HOSTS COME
BACK!



SUDDENLY..

HALT!
WHY IT'S
MISS BART!

AND THAT GUY
WITH HER IS
THE
KIDNAPPER!



I'M NOT A
KIDNAPPER
...I'M...

HOLY COW..! COPS!
AND THE GOIL'S
LOOSE... NASHA..
LOOK AT DEM
COPS!

SO SINCE
WHEN IS
COPS A
PROBLEM?



SO LET'S BEAT
THE COPS UP!
THEY DISTOIB
HE!

THOSE ARE
THE KIONAPPERS!

I GUESSED
IT.. ALL BY
MYSELF!

LOOK!





I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO RUN YOU IN! I THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE GANGS! IT'S A GOOD THING WE CAME TO THE TYLER PLACE WHEN WE SAW LIGHTS!

OH, NO, OFFICER... HE ISN'T A KIDNAPPER... THIS NICE MAN RESCUED ME! HE'S A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER!



YEAH... AN' I HAVE THE PICTURES OF THE GANG! SO EVERYTHING'LL BE OKAY... EXCEPT FOR MY CAR... GEE... 'HOPE THEY TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT!

DON'T WORRY, BOY... WE'LL FIND THEM AND YOUR CAR!



WELL... UH... MISS BART... I... UH... HAVE TO BRING THESE BACK TO THE OFFICE... AN' I SUPPOSE THIS IS GOODBYE...

NOT GOODBYE AT ALL...



JUST SO LONG!

GULP!

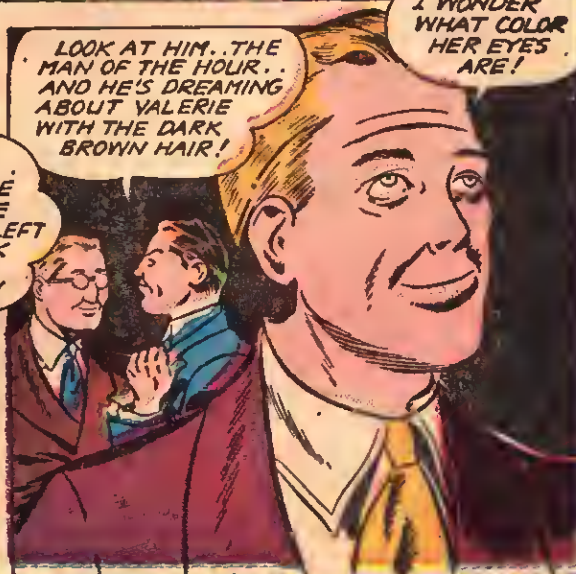


LATER... AT THE PRESS ROOM...

TERRIFIC JOB YOU DID, LUCKY... I SAW THOSE PICS IN THE EARLY EDITION!

SHE... SHE KISSED ME!

HEY LUCKY... ONE OF THOSE GHOSTS AT THE TYLER PLACE LEFT SOME LIPSTICK ON YOUR FACE!

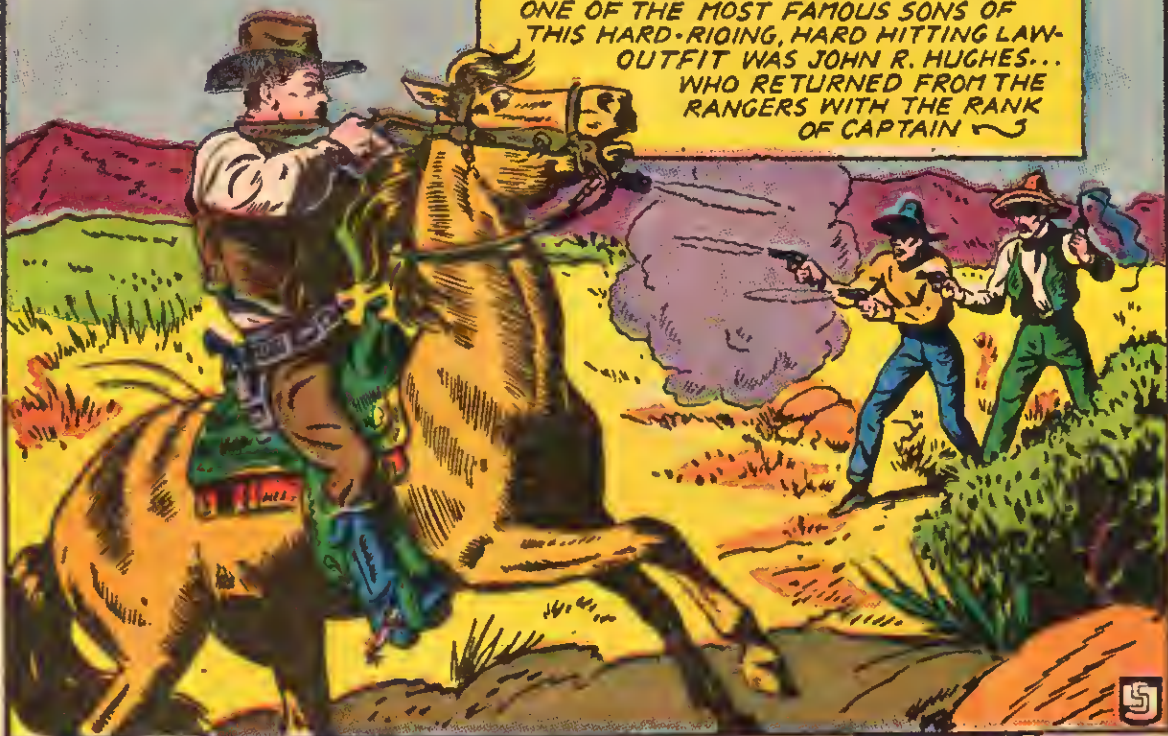


LOOK AT HIM... THE MAN OF THE HOUR... AND HE'S DREAMING ABOUT VALERIE WITH THE DARK BROWN HAIR!

I WONDER WHAT COLOR HER EYES ARE!

GUN LORE

FABLED IN SONG AND STORY ARE THE VALIANT TEXAS RANGERS WHO HAVE WRITTEN AN INDELIBLE PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF OUR SOUTHWEST... AND ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SONS OF THIS HARD-RIDING, HARD HITTING LAW-OUTFIT WAS JOHN R. HUGHES... WHO RETURNED FROM THE RANGERS WITH THE RANK OF CAPTAIN ~



THE RICH SHAFTER MINE WAS BEING ROBBED ORE, AND THE SUPERINTENDENT CALLED THE RANGERS FOR HELP....

I'M SERGEANT HUGHES, CO.D., TEXAS RANGERS. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?

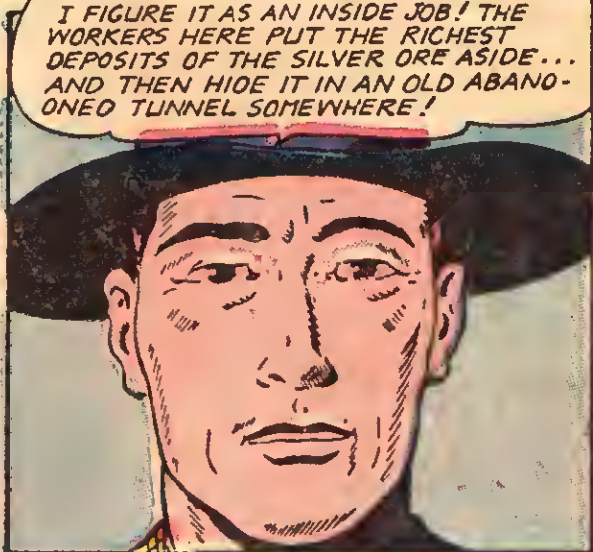
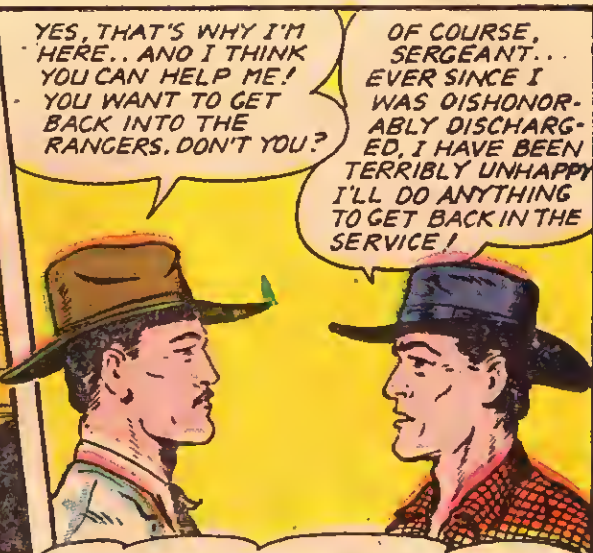
TROUBLE? THERE IS PLENTY OF IT AROUND HERE!

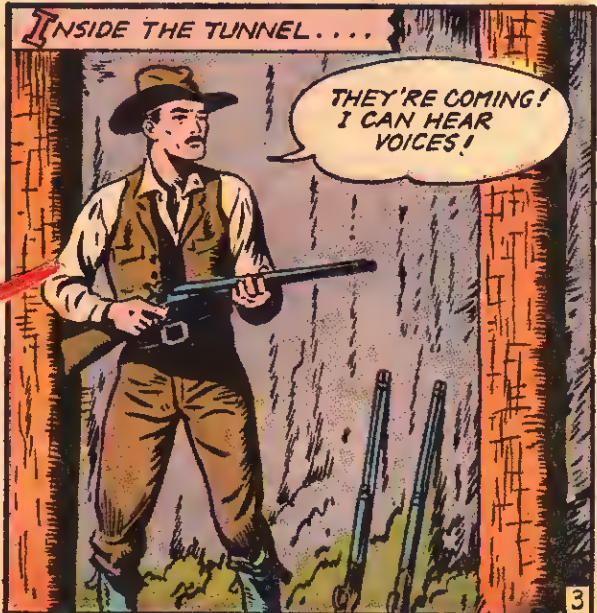
SOMEONE'S ROBBING THE MINE SYSTEMATICALLY. WE'RE LOSING A LOT OF ORE AND YOU HAVE TO FIND IT FOR ME!

BROTHER, A RANGER DOESN'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT OBEY THE BOOK OF REGULATIONS! BUT WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN!

HMMPH! PRETTY DURN INDEPENDENT, ARN'T YE?







The Story of Sir HENRY MORGAN

PORT ROYAL was the most notorious pirate hangout in the New World. The cut-throats who gathered there were the choicest who ever sailed the Seven Seas. Captain Kidd—Blackbeard—and that rouge of rogues—Henry Morgan, the gentleman buccaneer. Henry Morgan was a man of noble blood. Our story begins early in the 17th Century, somewhere in the South Atlantic.

Henry Morgan paced the deck of his ship. The eager eyes of First Mate Thomas Good followed his every move.

"By all that's holy," Morgan swore, "we've been upon the seas for weeks and nary a Spanish vessel have we sighted. I weary for some action."

Morgan, up to this point in history, was a very patriotic pirate. He plundered nothing but Spanish vessels. England and Spain were engaged in another undeclared war.

Thomas Good approached his Captain. He was brave, if something of a fool.

"Captain, sir," he said, "by noon tomorrow, according to calculations, we shall cross the path of a Portuguese vessel well laden with gold and precious stones. Spain or Portugal? Is there a difference in the wealth?"

Morgan spun around quickly. Good backed away as though fearful of a sudden blow. But Sir Henry was smiling. Yes, he had been knighted by the King of England. Sir Henry Morgan.

"You read my mind, Mr. Good," he said. "I am well aware of the course of this Portuguese vessel. Also am I aware of the treasure in her hold."

Thomas Good smiled and bowed his head.

"Sir Henry," he said, "one blow would give us a month in Port Royal. Food and drink and females. What more could a seaman ask?"

* * * * *

THE PIRATE chieftain looked out over the broad expanse of sea. Only the empty horizon challenged his keen eyes. But Henry

Morgan was a man of vision. A man with a vivid imagination. Beyond the limits of his physical vision, he saw things no other man could see.

"The greatest treasures of them all," he said, "sail upon the ships of England."

He gripped his sword hilt tightly. The smile upon his face was almost pleasant—so full of unborn mischief was it. It even warmed the heart of cold-blooded Thomas Good.

"The ships of England, sir," said the First Mate, "are defended like the gates of Heaven. A man of war with each vessel. What chance would we have?"

Sir Henry Morgan laughed. And all within sound of his booming voice raised their heads.

"Chance?" he roared. "From the day of birth we gamble on the wheels of chance, Mr. Good. If I would risk my head for the treasures of England, I expect my men to do the same."

He whipped his sword from its scabbard and drove it into the deck between his feet. Thomas Good was deeply impressed.

* * * * *

THIS WAS his first voyage with Sir Henry Morgan. And from this moment on he would gladly have laid down his life for his chieftain.

"There is treasure to be had, Mr. Good," said Morgan. "And if I needs must open the chest with a knife of blood, so be it."

"Aye, Captain," replied Thomas Good. "But this Port-gee vessel carries 40 guns. We have but 30."

The knighted pirate smiled. "That vessel may go where it pleases," he said. "The gold they carry is but dust compared to the treasure aboard the 'Queen Ann', and the 'Queen Ann' will lose her royal crown. Mark the words of Henry Morgan."

The First Mate stared at his chieftain in dumb amazement. He did not believe what his ears told him.

"Captain," he said, "the 'Queen Ann' is a man-of-war. She'll blow us from the seas."

Henry Morgan stroked his beard. The blood within his veins and the beat of his heart raced like greyhounds.

"Mr. Good," he said, "many years have I sailed this heathen ocean. Has Henry Morgan yet to atter his ship into a port of the dead? We have fought many a fight. Is there a rogue in all Port Royal who can boast a record such as ours? Speak up, Mr. Good. Is your tongue nailed to the roof of your mouth?"

But Thomas Good was frightened by his

chieftain's manner. "Captain Morgan," he said, "we would gladly storm the gates of Hell if you gave the command. As for me—may I die with cutlass in my hand upon this very deck if we fail to take the English gold."

* * * * *

HENRY MORGAN slapped his First Mate upon the shoulder.

"Give me ten men like you, Thomas Good," he said, "and I would squeeze the Tower of London into dust that would cover all the Seven Seas. We shall take whatever faces us—regardless of what flag flies from the mast. Whatever ship has gold we shall take. Whatever gold we take we shall share."

First Mate Good nodded his approval. "Port Royal will see a celebration," he said, "to rival anything that has gone before."

Henry Morgan beamed with pleasure, and cast his eyes over the vast sea.

The "Queen Ann" hove into sight. She was under the command of Captain Richard Knowlton. A warning shot was sent across the bow of the pirate vessel. Her answer was a broadside that brought ten British sailors to the deck.

"If it's fight she wants," roared Henry Morgan, "it's fight she'll get. Blow the tub to splinters." He paced the quarter-deck like a man gone mad.

The King's ship sent the grape of twenty guns into Sir Henry's vessel. The broadside killed a dozen of his desperate crew. First Mate Thomas Good rushed up to his chieftain.

"Captain Morgan," he shouted, "ten of our guns have been knocked out of action. What orders now, sir?"

Amid the powder and the smoke Henry Morgan grinned. "Orders?" he said. "Need I give orders with the London gibbet staring us in the face? Fight until the decks are red with blood. Which would you prefer, Mr. Good—your bones in chains over the gates of London or a peaceful death beneath the sea?"

And Thomas Good answered: "If I choose a tomb, sir—I choose the sea."

"Well spoken, Mr. Good," replied Henry Morgan. "Man your cutlass. They prepare to board."

* * * * *

GRAPPLING irons were tossed from the British man-of-war. The two ships were held fast together. The King's seamen poured onto the decks of the pirate vessel. Cutlasses flashed in the sun. Thomas Good fell with a mortal head injury. The surviving men of

Morgan's continued the fight. And no men fought as savagely as Sir Henry Morgan. His deadly sword brought half a dozen men to the decks. But even the brilliant "king of pirates" could not fight forever against His Majesty's seamen. With ninety per cent of his men dead, Sir Henry Morgan surrendered. He was returned to London in chains. Could this be called a triumph for the King? When he was tried for piracy on the high seas Sir Henry made this defence:

"Piracy?" he roared, and the court shook with his words. "If I have harmed England, then hang me now."

The faces his eyes looked upon were not friendly.

"We were fired upon," he continued, "and in defence we gave a good account of ourselves. The 'Queen Ann' did not fly the British flag. I thought we were being attacked by privateers. What choice did I have, gentlemen? I HAD to fight—or spread the yellow guts of Henry Morgan upon the seas."

The faces of his judges softened.

* * * * *

SIR HENRY had an answer for anything. He mistook the British vessel for a Spanish one because his eyes were failing him. He issued orders which were very promptly disobeyed. As a matter of fact, his men were on the verge of mutiny. They had decided to fight regardless of their commander's wishes. The fact that these men were dead, and could not speak for themselves, bothered Sir Henry not in the least. Why not make use of the dead, he thought, so that the living would not have to join them prematurely. The living, in this case, being that rogue of rogues, Sir Henry Morgan, the gentleman buccaneer. Sir Henry was a practical man. He was not given to fits of remorse. It is said he died with a smile upon his face, and there was great sorrow in Old Port Royal.

"They call me pirate," he continued. "Me—who carries the flag of England deep within my heart. Upon my soul, gentlemen—though I may sack a Spanish vessel—or any other—never would I fire upon a vessel flying the flag of England. I put my fate within your hands. And, with the exception of this honorable court, only God is fit to judge me."

And what was the outcome of this fantastic trial? Sir Henry Morgan died in bed—honored and respected. He lived a rich, full life to its normal conclusion—many, many miles from old Port Royal.

THE END

POT O' GOLD



WALTER
JOHNSON

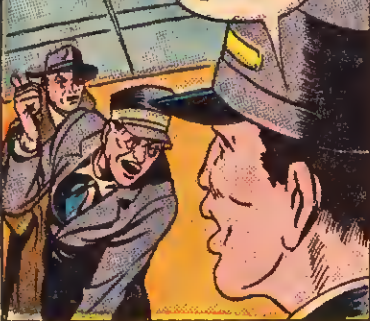
WHO CAN CONTROL HIS MIND? WHAT WILD VAGARIES RACE THROUGH A MAN'S BRAIN AS HE IS SWEEPED AWAY FROM REALITY BY THE WEIRD PLAY OF THOUGHTS WHO KNOWS WHAT HORROR LIES WITHIN A PLACID EXTERIOR? FOLLOW US AS WE PLUMB THE DEPTHS OF A MAN'S MIND

STORY BY IRV. WERSTEIN

**A CRUEL-FACED MAN BOARDS
A NEW YORK-BOUND TRAIN
AT A WAY STATION....**

BRRR---
THAT'S A
NASTY
LOOKING
CUSTOM-
ER---

YAS SUH--HE
SHO LOOKS AS
THOUGH HE
WLZ OUT TO
COMMIT A
MURDER---BUT
YO' NEVER CAN
TELL--NO
SUH.



**OUT TO COMMIT MURDER?
HOW ABSURD--PEOPLE
DON'T LOOK AS THOUGH
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL....
SEE..WHAT CAN BE MORE
HARMLESS THAN RINGING
A DOOR BELL?**

WHAT'S TAKING HER SO
LONG TO ANSWER
THE BELL?



RRRRING!
RRRRRING!

ARNIE-- IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK--
AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS. HOW
ARE YOU?

OHhhh...
ALL RIGHT, I
GUESS!



YOU SIT RIGHT DOWN, ARNIE--
AND MAKE YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE--I'LL EVEN
LIGHT A FIRE
FOR YOU.

THANK
YOU--
HELENE.



I KNOW
HOW YOU LOVE
A FIRE,
ARNIE
AND---

HELENE!
I HAVE
SOMETHING
TO TELL
YOU...



ARNIE! BUT AM I
EVER HAPPY TO SEE YOU?
COME IN--COME IN.

HELLO,
HELENE.



YES, ARNIE--WHAT IS
IT? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING
AT ME SO QUEERLY?





"BECAUSE
I AM GOING TO
KILL YOU,
HELENE---
NOW!"



BUT
ARNIE--
WHY? WHAT
HAVE I
EVER
DONE TO
YOU?

WHY? BECAUSE
I HATE YOU---
YOU ARE SO
SLEEK SO
WONDERFUL--
SO SURE OF
YOURSELF--
SO FAR A-
BOVE ME!



ARNIE--YOU'RE
WRONG! I
CARE FOR
YOU-- I
ALWAYS
HAVE---

IT IS TOO
LATE,
HELENE---
I MUST
DESTROY
YOU!



NOW YOUR WHITE THROAT
IS BETWEEN MY HANDS
WHERE I CAN CRUSH YOU--
THROTTLE YOU UNTIL THE
SPARK HAS GONE OUT OF
YOUR EYES AND YOUR
FACE IS TWIST-
ED AND
CONTORTED.

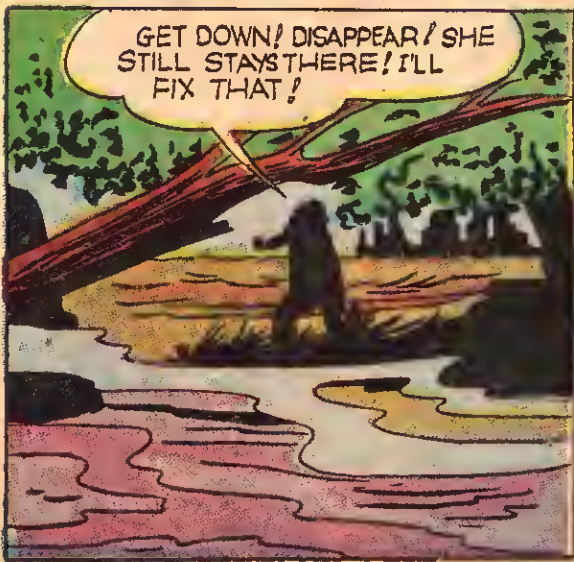
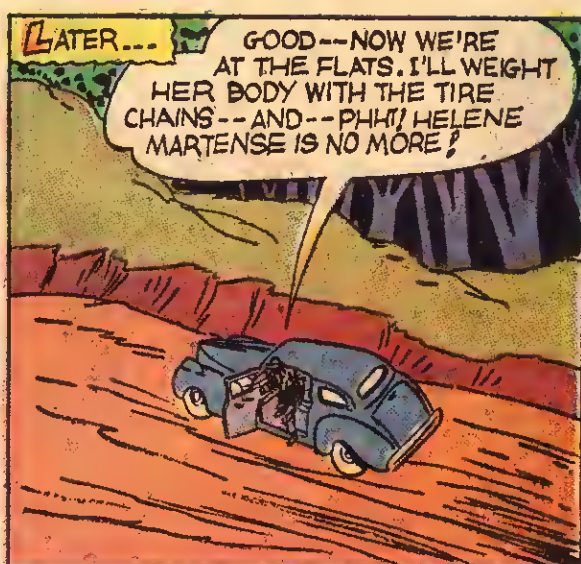
NO! NO!
--UH--
--UH--

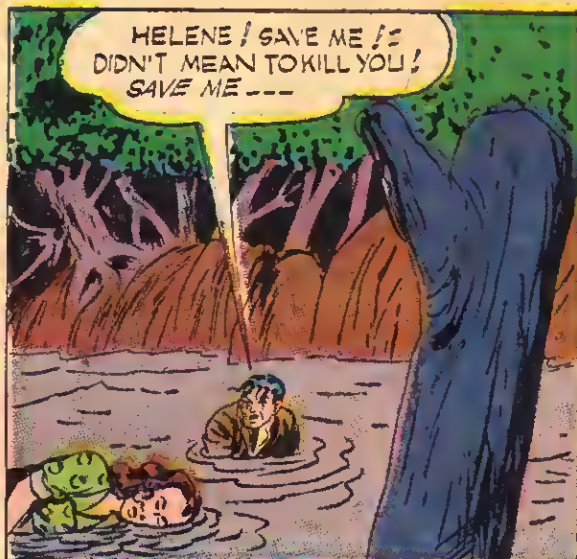
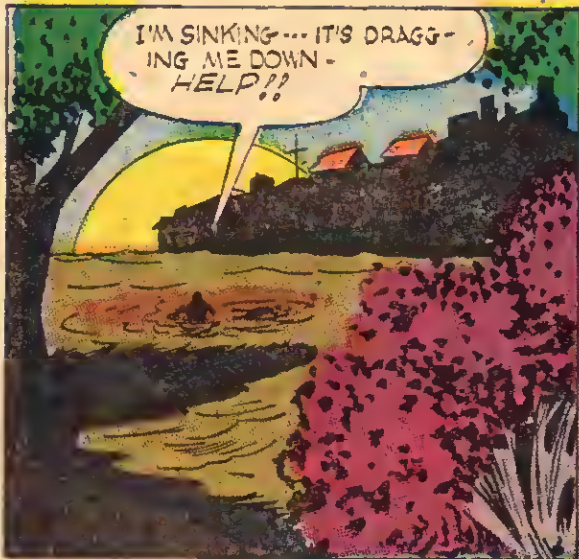


DEAD! SHE IS DEAD! AT LAST I HAVE JUST-
IFIED MYSELF AND AM NO LONGER HER
SLAVE... BUT NOW I MUST GET RID OF
THE BODY-- WHERE? I KNOW! THE
FLATS--- I'LL THROW HER INTO THE
FLATS---



HER CAR-- IT MUST
BE IN THE GARAGE.
YES-- I'LL WEIGHT
HER DOWN-- AND
SHE'LL SINK IN THE
MUD OF THE FLATS--
TO BE OUT OF
SIGHT FOR-
EVER!





draw CARTOONS

with HOWELL



MY KITTEN IS SO SOFT AN' FLUFFY I CAN DRAW HER WITH CURVES

IF YOU HAVEN'T A CAT TO SKETCH HERE—
DRAW YOUR PALE



OL' RAGS IS SO SKINNY AN' TOUGH I CAN DRAW HIM WITH STRAIGHT LINES..



SPECIAL OFFER

WHEN YOU HAVE FINISHED THIS LESSON—IF YOU WOULD LIKE A PROFESSIONAL CRITICISM OF YOUR DRAWINGS AND A CHANCE OF HAVING THEM PRINTED IN OUR ART GALLERY BELOW, JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON ON THIS PAGE AND MAIL WITH YOUR DRAWINGS TO ME TODAY.. TRY REAL HARD AND YOUR DRAWINGS MAY WIN A PLACE OF HONOR!

YOU KNOW FOLKS YOU SHOULD SPEND ALL YOUR SPARE TIME IN SKETCHING—MEN, WOMEN, ANIMALS, ANYTHING. FOR A CARTOONIST HAS TO KNOW HOW TO DRAW MOST EVERYTHING. THE TWO ANIMALS WE HAVE TO DRAW MOST OFTEN ARE THE DOG AN' CAT SO LET'S SPEND THIS LESSON IN SKETCHING OURS. I'VE SKETCHED MINE ABOVE. LET'S SEE WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE.



THIS IS WHERE YOU ARE TO SKETCH YOUR DOG OR ANY POOCH YOU CAN FIND..



DICKIE BARD
PHILA.
PA.



JACKIE GILDEA
L.I.

TOM REILLY NEW HAVEN
CONN.

LEWIS LATNER
DAYTONA BEACH FLA.



UNCLE JOE
C/O CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC.
84 WILLIAMS ST. NEW YORK, 7. N.Y.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
AGE _____

MAIL TODAY



MICHAEL CONRY BOSTON MASS

draw CARTOONS



with HOWELL

EASY ROAD TO FUN AND PROFIT



I DID THIS



A CARTOON IS GENERALLY A PICTURE OF AN IDEA. SO IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE A SUCCESSFUL CARTOONIST YOU SHOULD KNOW HOW TO SPOT AN IDEA WHEN IT COMES ALONG...THEY MAY JUST POP IN YOUR HEAD OR COME FROM SOMETHING FUNNY YOU SEE OR READ OR A WISE-CRACK YOU HEAR.

YOU DO THIS



NOW BOYS AN' GIRLS SHARPEN UP YOUR PENCILS FOR WE'RE GOING TO GET A COUPLE OF IDEAS. LET'S USE TWO EPIGRAMS WHICH ARE EASY TO TURN INTO PICTURES. I'LL TAKE NO. 1 AN' I WANT YOU TO DRAW NO. 2 AN' SEND IT TO ME SO I CAN SEE HOW YOU ARE GETTING ALONG. NOTICE IN NO. 1

CONTINUED OVER HERE



THAT I MADE THE MAN LOOK WAY AHEAD, THROUGH A TELESCOPE, INSTEAD OF WATCHING HIS STEP. HE WILL BE BEHIND WHEN HE FLOPS INTO THAT OPEN MAN HOLE! SEE? NO. 2 IS JUST AS EASY FOR IT MAKES YOU THINK OF SOMETHING SOFT TO LIE ON LIKE A MATTRESS. CATCH ON!

WANT TO SEE YOUR DRAWINGS PRINTED IN OUR ART GALLERY? JUST FINISH IDEA NO. 2-FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW. MAIL DRAWING WITH COUPON TO UNCLE JOE, CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES INC. 84 WILLIAMS ST. NEW YORK N.Y. AND PERHAPS YOUR DRAWING MAY WIN A PLACE OF HONOR IN OUR ART GALLERY. LOOK AT THE WINNERS BELOW. CAN'T YOU DRAW AS WELL?

DOROTHY HYMAN
ROCHESTER
N.Y.



MYRA ROGERS BROOKLYN N.Y.

OUR ART
GALLERY



ERNEST TENNEY
TRAVELER



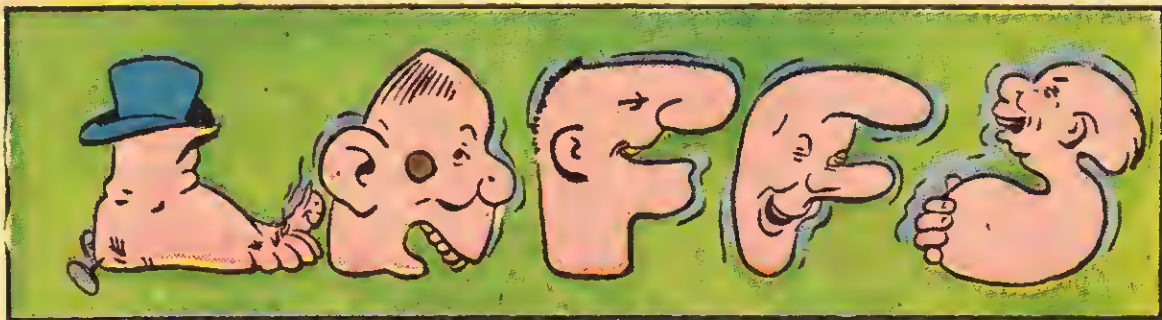
LEA PERM
COLD SPRINGS
CAL.

MIC. DONNELLY
LARGENT
W. VA.



UNCLE JOE
% CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINES, INC.
84 WILLIAMS ST. NEW YORK 7 NY

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
AGE _____



HMI LOOKS FAMILIAR!

WHY TOMMY! THE CANARY HAS DISAPPEARED!

THAT'S FUNNY- IT WAS THERE JUST NOW WHEN I TRIED TO CLEAN IT WITH THE VACUUM CLEANER!

HEY KID! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING WITH THAT DOG?

WELL- MY UNCLE SAID TO TAKE HIM OUT FOR SOME AIR!

FREE AIR

BET YOU NEVER SAW SUCH BIG VEGETABLES BACK IN THE CITY!

OH, I DON'T KNOW... I'VE SEEN TWO COPS ASLEEP ON THE SAME BEAT!

DON'T YOU EVER SHOO THE FLIES AROUND HERE?

NOPE- WE JES LET EM RUN AROUND BAREFOOT!

Bzz Bzz Bzz

NOVA

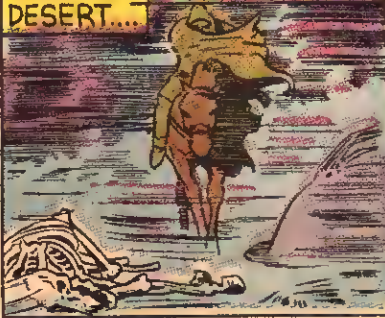
As LUCK Would Have It...



WITH THE DAWNING OF THE YEAR 1200 A.D. A RESTLESSNESS SEIZED THE MYSTERIOUS HORSEMEN WHO LIVED ON THE STEPPES OF HIGH ASIA.



THEIR WATER AND GRAZING LANDS WERE BEING DEVoured BY THE ENCROACHING GOBI DESERT....



A LEADER APPEARED WHO WELDED THE NOMADS INTO A FEDERATED NATION AND LED THEM IN THEIR INCESSANT SEARCH FOR FOOD AND WATER.



THE CULTIVATED LANDS OF LONG CIVILIZED CHINA PROVED EASY PREY TO THE FIERCE RIDERS....



THE BARRIER OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA WAS FOREVER SMASHED, AND ALL CHINA CRUMBLed AND FELL TO THE MONGOL HORDES.



WITH A BATTLE-TRAINED MOUNTED ARMY AT HIS DISPOSAL, AND ASIA AT HIS FEET, GENGHIS KHAN LOOKED WESTWARD... THROUGH THE URAL MOUNTAINS INTO EUROPE.



FOR CENTURIES WITH THE REGULARITY OF OCEAN TIDES, FIERCE HORSE NOMADS HAD SPEWED OUT OF ASIA TO RAVAGE THE EUROPEAN CIVILIZATIONS.



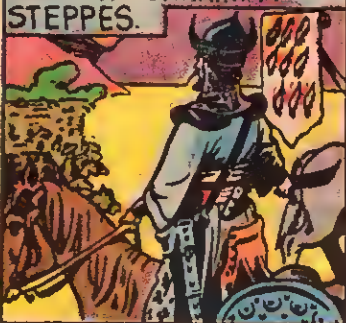
DOWN THIS ROAD OF THE BARBARIANS CAME THE BULGARS, MAGYARS, AND ATTILA'S HUNS TO CHANGE THE DESTINY OF NATIONS...



BUT THESE WERE MERELY PLUNDERING TRIBES WHO PILLAGED AND BURNED AND BECAME IN TIME EUROPEANS THEMSELVES.



NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME, A UNITED ASIATIC ARMY UNDER THE BANNER OF THE NINE YAK TAILS AND COMMAND-ED BY ONE MAN MOVED LIKE A GATHERING AVALANCHE ONTO THE UKRAINIAN STEPPES.



WORLD CONQUEST WAS THEIR GOAL, AND IN THE SPRING OF 1218 THE SHADOW OF THINGS TO COME STRETCHED ITSELF OVER ALL EUROPE.



THE BLUE WOLF MONGOLS OF GENGHIS KHAN WERE SMALL MEN AFOOT, BUT IN THE SADDLE APPEARED GIGANTIC...AND THEY WERE MASTERS OF THE BOW ON HORSEBACK...THE MOST DANGEROUS WEAPON IN WARFARE FOR 17 CENTURIES...



BLASTS OF STEEL-TIPPED ARROWS FIRED FROM HORN STRENGTHENED DOUBLE CURVED BOWS SWEEPED ALL OPPOSITION BEFORE THEM....



IN NINE YEARS THE TARTAR HORDE SMASHED ALL OF EASTERN EUROPE TO ITS KNEES....



IN 1227 GENGHIS KHAN DIED AND THE GOLDEN HORDE TEMPORARILY WITHDREW FROM EUROPE BUT THE MIGHTY STRIKING FORCE WAS STILL INTACT...WHERE AND WHEN WOULD IT STRIKE AGAIN?



IN 1236, OGADAI, SON OF GENGHIS KHAN WAS CHOSEN KHAKHAN, AND SUBOTAI, ANOTHER SON, RETURNED DOWN THE ROAD OF THE BARBARIANS INTO EUROPE.



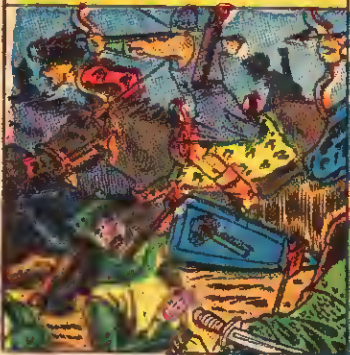
IN 1237 THEY OVERRAN ALL RUSSIA AND WIPED OUT THE ENTIRE POPULATIONS THAT RESISTED. THEY MADE DRINKING CUPS OF THE SKULLS OF THE RULERS WHO OPPOSED THEM....



IN 1240 HAVING CONSOLIDATED THEIR GAINS THE MONGOLS DESTROYED A VAST ARMY OF POLES AND SLAVS, AND BURNED KRACOW....



AT LIEGNITZ THE HORSE ARCHERS EXTERMINATED THE ARMIES OF DUKE HENRY OF SILESIA, THE MARGRAVE OF MORAVIA AND A HOST OF TEUTONIC KNIGHTS.



BOHEMIA, MORAVIA, AND HUNGARY FELL IN TURN AND THEIR LEADERS WERE CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY MANHUNT....



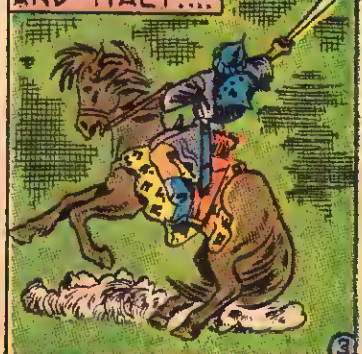
AT BUDA and PEST ON THE DANUBE, AN ARMY OF 100,000 SLAVS, CROATS, FRENCH TEMPLARS, BARONS, BISHOPS, KNIGHTS, CRUSADERS AND INFANTRY WAS SLAUGHTERED....



DURING THE WINTER OF 1240-1241 THE MONGOL HORDE HAD OVERRUN MIDDLE EUROPE FROM THE DNIEPER TO THE VISTULA, AND FROM THE CARPATHIANS TO THE DANUBE....AND IN 3 YEARS TIME HAD ANNIHILATED THE FORCES OF POLAND, RUSSIA, BRANDENBURG, MORAVIA, HUNGARY, SAXONY, SILESIA, BOHEMIA and CROATIA.



THE VIRTUALLY UNSCATHED "TARTAR" JUGGERNAUT NOW STOOD POISED FOR THE LIGHTENING THRUST WHICH WOULD SMASH GERMANY AND ITALY....



THEY FEINTED TOWARD THE SOUTH, CIRCLING VIENNA, TAKING NEUSTADT, AND DESTROYING THE SERBS AND BULGARS EN ROUTE.



A FLYING COLUMN SMASHED TO THE TYROL AS FAR AS UDINE AND THE ENTIRE KNOWN WORLD CRINGED AS THEY AWAITED THE NEXT HAMMER BLOW WHICH WOULD LAY ALL EUROPE BARE TO THE INVADER....



BUT IN FEBRUARY OF 1242 THE THUNDEROUS ASSAULT UPON CIVILIZATION SUDDENLY CEASED.



AS QUICKLY AS THEY HAD COME, THE VICTORIOUS MONGOL ARMIES VANISHED FROM THE KEN OF EUROPEANS, BACK UP THE ROAD OF THE BARBARIANS INTO THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF THEIR HOMELAND.



WHAT WAS THIS STROKE OF LUCK WHICH STAYED THE HAND OF DOOM? GERMANY AND ITALY MUST SURELY HAVE FALLEN, AND WITH THEM THE WHOLE OF EUROPE



HAD THE UNCONQUERABLE "TARTAR" HORDES PRESSED THEIR ADVANTAGE THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO RENAISSANCE PERIOD, NO EUROPEAN NATIONS, NO DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.



TO THIS VERY DAY, 700 YEARS LATER, THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE MIGHT BE WANDERING TRIBES, AND A MONGOL KHAN MIGHT SIT ON THE THRONE OF ALL THE KNOWN WORLD... AND THE REDMEN MIGHT STILL BE MASTERS OF THE UNDISCOVERED AMERICAS.



BUT MONGOL TRADITION REQUIRED THAT ALL WARRIORS BE PRESENT AT THE CHOOSING OF A NEW KHAKHAN... AND SO IT WAS THAT THE TERRIBLE HORSE-ARCHERS RETURNED TO WHENCE THEY CAME WHEN THEY LEARNED THEIR GREAT KHAN HAD DIED....



THUS THE ENTIRE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS FOR EVERAFTER WAS ALTERED BY THE GREATEST PIECE OF LUCK THE WESTERN CIVILIZATIONS HAVE EVER KNOWN...THE DEATH OF ONE MAN !!



GOOD and BAD

WHY

IS IT CONSIDERED BAD LUCK TO BREAK A MIRROR?

BECAUSE THE ANCIENTS BELIEVED THAT THE REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR WAS THE SOUL AND IF THE MIRROR BROKE THE SOUL WOULD HURT

WHY

IS KNOCKING ON WOOD THOUGHT TO BRING GOOD LUCK?



BECAUSE IN MEDIEVAL TIMES OATHS WERE TAKEN ON A PIECE OF THE TRUE CROSS AND THIS SEALED THE OATH AND BROUGHT GOOD LUCK

WHY

IS IT CONSIDERED UNLUCKY TO SEAT 13 AT A TABLE?



BECAUSE JUDAS WAS THE 13TH GUEST AT THE LAST SUPPER.

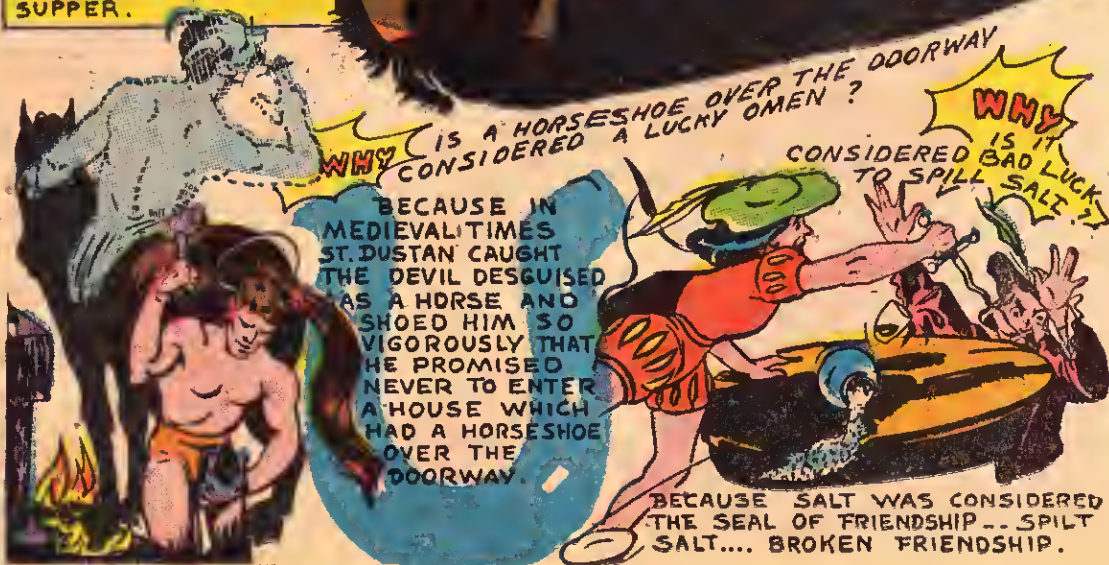
WHY

IS A HORSESHOE OVER THE DOORWAY CONSIDERED A LUCKY OMEN?

BECAUSE IN MEDIEVAL TIMES ST. DUSTAN CAUGHT THE DEVIL DISGUISED AS A HORSE AND SHOED HIM SO VIGOROUSLY THAT HE PROMISED NEVER TO ENTER A HOUSE WHICH HAD A HORSESHOE OVER THE DOORWAY.

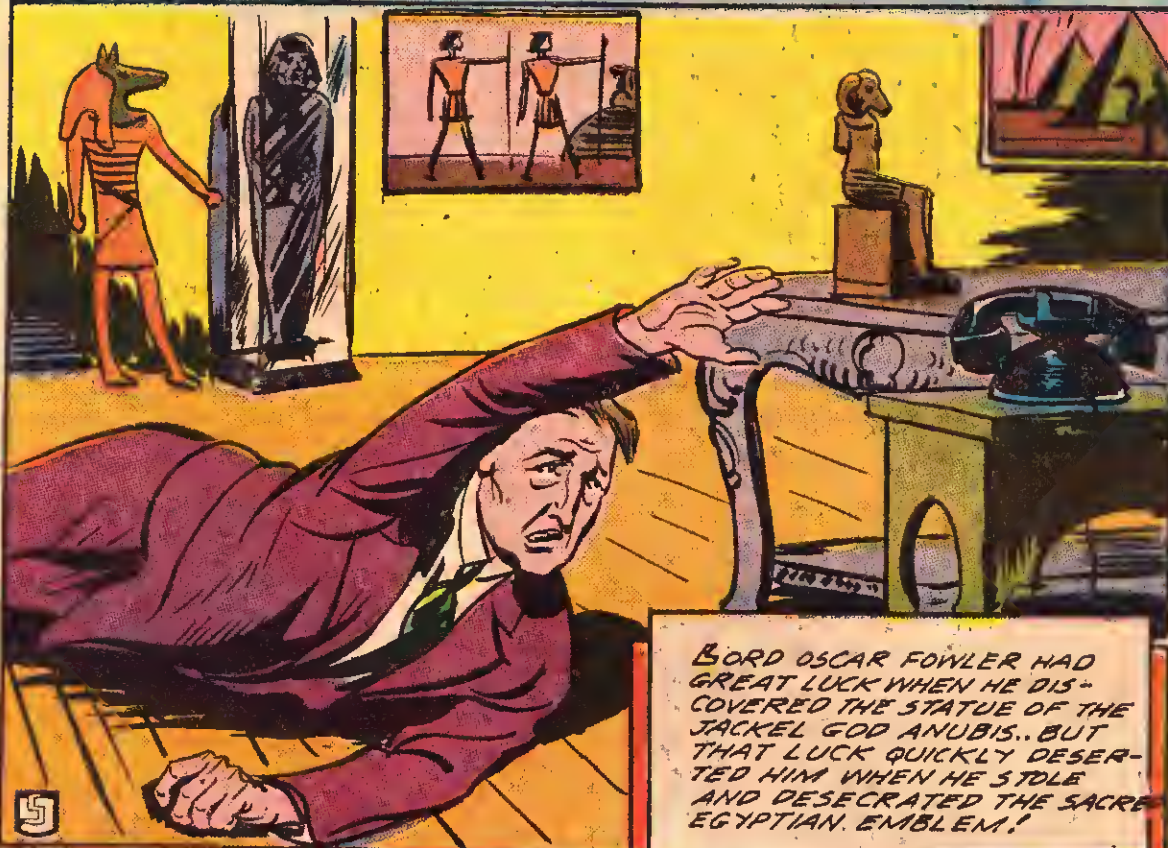
WHY

IS IT CONSIDERED BAD LUCK TO SPILL SALT?



BECAUSE SALT WAS CONSIDERED THE SEAL OF FRIENDSHIP... SPILT SALT.... BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

LUCKY LUCRE



LORD OSCAR FOWLER HAD GREAT LUCK WHEN HE DISCOVERED THE STATUE OF THE JACKEL GOD ANUBIS.. BUT THAT LUCK QUICKLY DESERTED HIM WHEN HE STOLE AND DESECRATED THE SACRED EGYPTIAN EMBLEM!

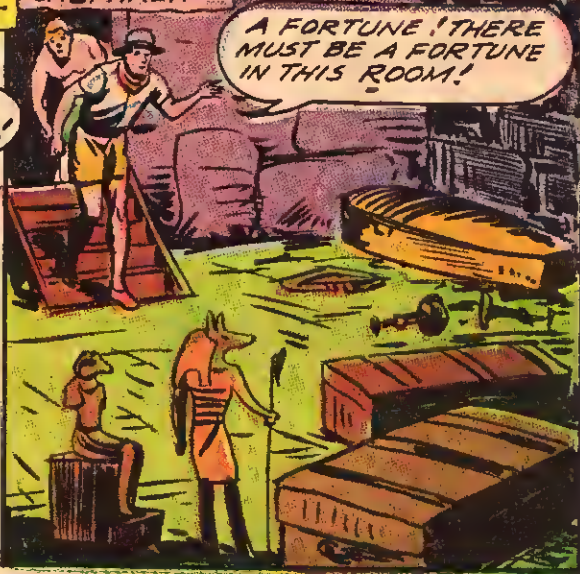
WHILE EXPLORING AROUND THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PYRAMID OF CHEPHREN, LORD OSCAR FOWLER DISCOVERS A SECRET COMPARTMENT BURIED IN THE DESERT SANDS---

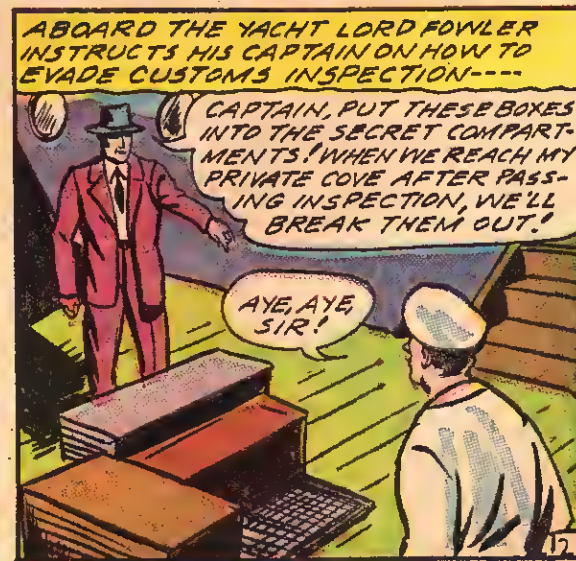
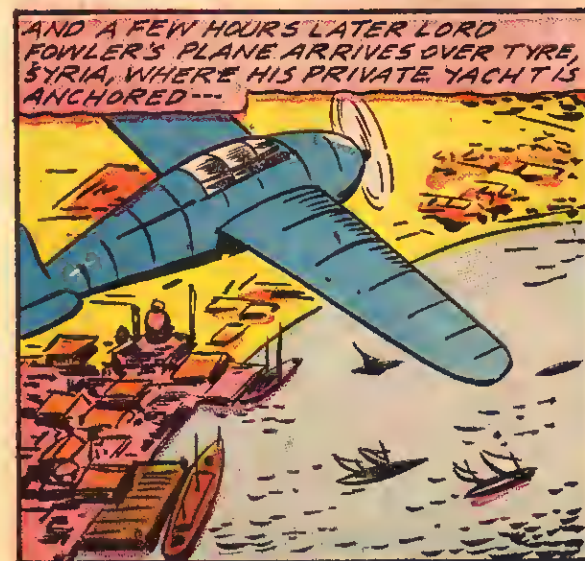
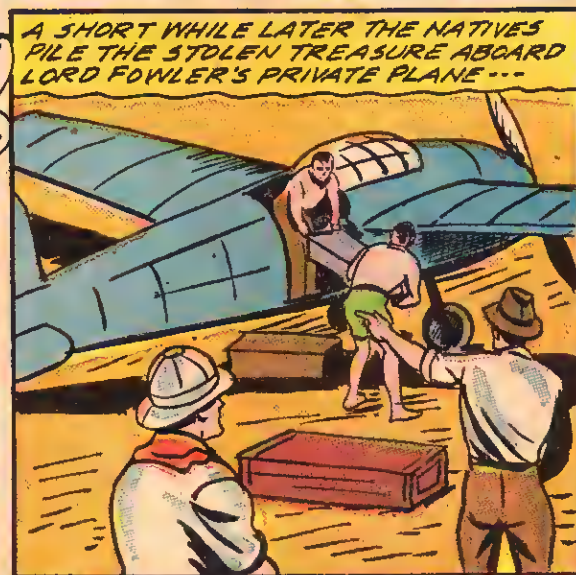
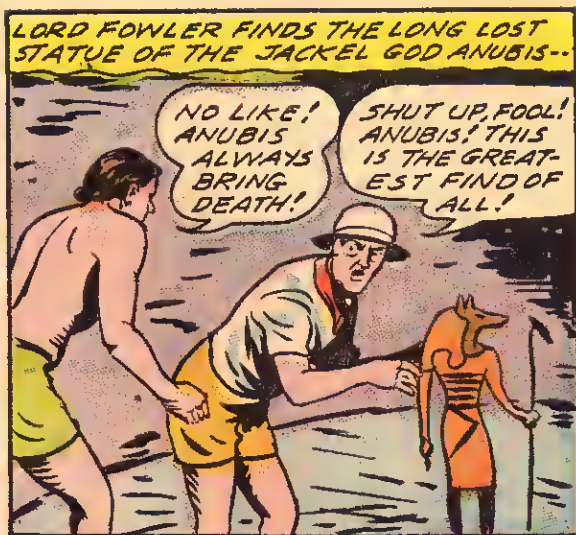
'MASTER,' HERE IS HOLE IN SAND! BIG DOOR DOWN BELOW!

WHAT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S CHEPHREN'S SECRET STOREROOM!

LORD FOWLER ENTERS THE TREASURE-HOUSE OF THE PHARAOH CHEPHREN--

A FORTUNE! THERE MUST BE A FORTUNE IN THIS ROOM!

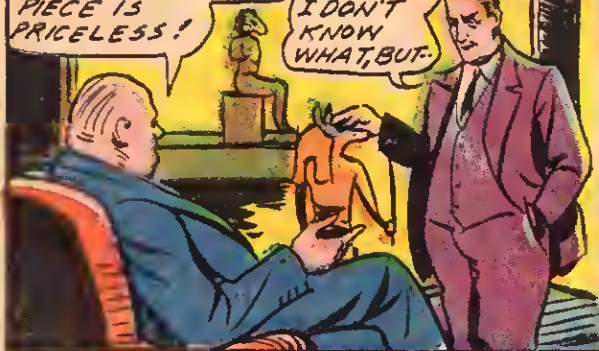




THREE WEEKS LATER LORD FOWLER DISPOSES OF THE LAST OF THE TREASURES AT HIS ESTATE OF "CURIOUS ACRES."

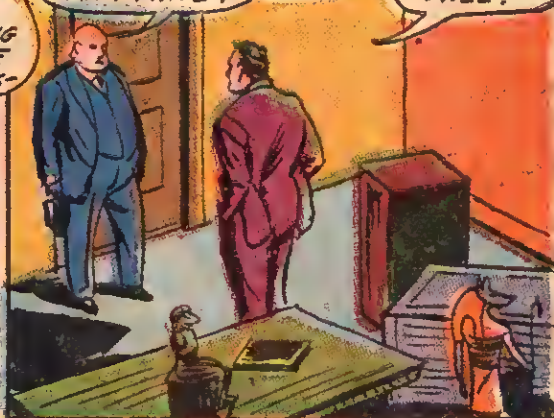
HANG IT ALL, FOWLER, YOU'VE SOLD ME EVERY-THING ELSE FOR MY MUSEUM, WHY NOT ANUBIS? YOU NEED MONEY AND THAT PIECE IS PRICELESS!

NO, POND, ANUBIS STAYS WITH ME! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS FIGURE THAT WANTS INVESTIGATING! I DON'T KNOW WHAT, BUT...



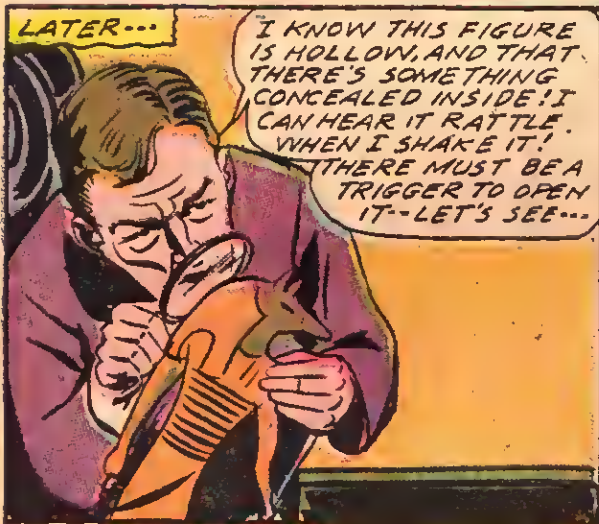
WELL, SEND THE REST OF THIS STUFF TO ME! IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT ANUBIS, GIVE ME A RING! I'LL BUY THAT JACKEL ANYTIME!

ALRIGHT, IF I DO-- BUT I DON'T THINK I WILL!



LATER...

"I KNOW THIS FIGURE IS HOLLOW, AND THAT THERE'S SOMETHING CONCEALED INSIDE! I CAN HEAR IT RATTLE WHEN I SHAKE IT! THERE MUST BE A TRIGGER TO OPEN IT--LET'S SEE..."



LORD FOWLER SUCCEEDS IN OPENING A SECRET COMPARTMENT IN THE STATUE OF ANUBIS--

OUCH! I PRICKED MYSELF! THERE'S A NEEDLE OR SOMETHING IN THERE! ANYWAY I GOT IT OPEN! NOW TO SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!



HERE'S A PAPYRUS SCROLL! WE'LL SEE WHAT IT SAYS! MUST BE SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!



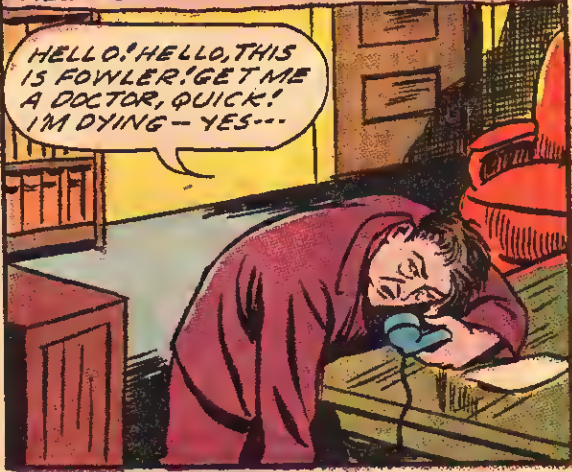
TRANSLATED, THE SCROLL SAYS: "O STRANGER, FOR OPENING THIS GOD'S HEART AND INSULTING THE MIGHTY GOD ANUBIS, PREPARE TO DIE. YOU HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY THE POISON OF THE ASP. YOUR TIME IS SHORT."

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? OH, THIS PRICK I RECEIVED ON MY THUMB IN OPENING THE FIGURE! POISONED! BY THE ASP! I MUST GET A DOCTOR!



LORD FOWLER TRIES DESPERATELY TO CALL FOR HELP---

HELLO! HELLO, THIS IS FOWLER! GET ME A DOCTOR, QUICK! I'M DYING-- YES---



I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING IN JOSEPHUS ABOUT THIS FIGURE ANUBIS! SOMETHING MANETHO MENTIONS ABOUT POISON! I WISH THAT DOCTOR WOULD HURRY!



I CAN BARELY MAKE IT OUT, BUT IT TELLS ALL ABOUT THIS STATUE BEING POISONED! IF I HAD ONLY READ THIS BEFORE I HAD---



WHEN HELP FINALLY ARRIVES, IT IS TOO LATE---

OSCAR, WE CAME AS FAST AS WE COULD!

NEVER MIND, DOCTOR! IT WOULDN'T HAVE DONE ANY GOOD! YOU SEE A MANDYING OF GREED, I HAD NEITHER THE PATIENCE TO WAIT UNTIL I HAD FOUND OUT THE TRUTH, NOR THE HONESTY TO TAKE ONLY MY RIGHTFUL SHARE! NOW MY SON WILL INHERIT--

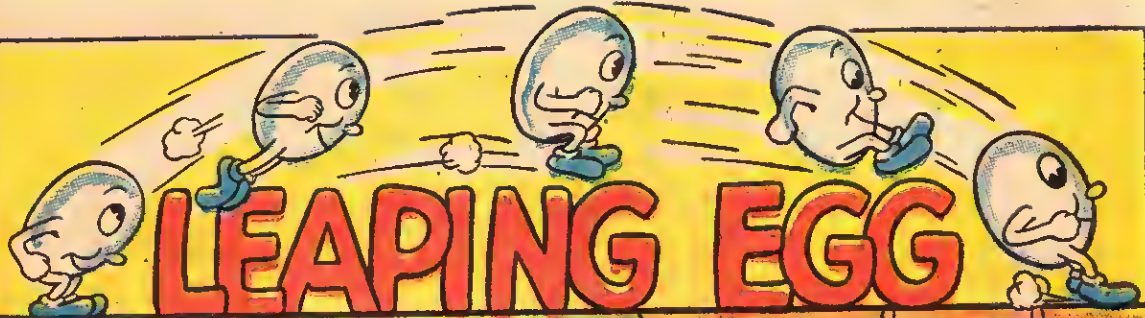


AND SO LORD FOWLER DIES OF THE BITE OF AN ASP AND OF THE STING OF GREED--

HE'S DEAD, DOCTOR! WHAT WAS HE TALKING ABOUT ANYWAY?

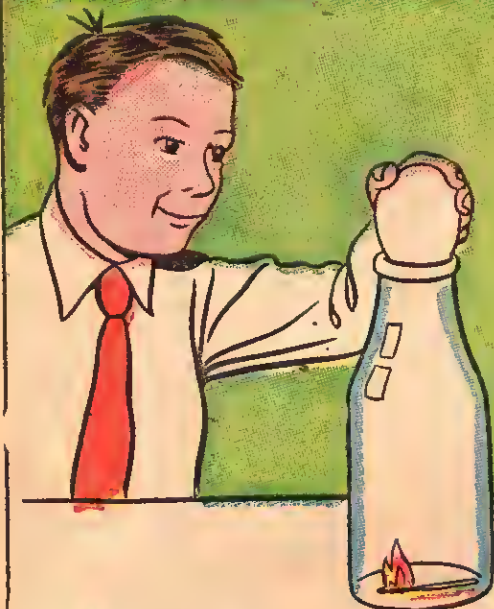
I DON'T KNOW! MADE NO SENSE TO ME! POOR SOUL MUST HAVE LOST HIS MIND TOWARD THE END! AN AUTOPSY WILL DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF DEATH!





LEAPING EGG

by KEN BRICKLEY

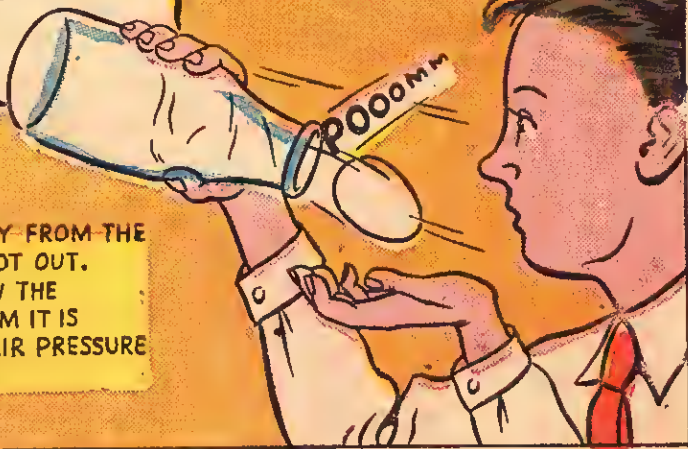


ANNOUNCE THAT YOU CAN MAKE A HARD-BOILED EGG, WITHOUT ITS SHELL, JUMP IN AND OUT OF A MILK BOTTLE WITHOUT PUSHING THE EGG WITH YOUR FINGER. AFTER YOUR FRIENDS GIVE UP, YOU TAKE OVER. DROP A LIGHTED WOODEN MATCH INTO THE BOTTLE, LET IT BURN A MOMENT, THEN SET THE EGG, POINTED END DOWNWARD IN THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE. TO THE SURPRISE OF YOUR FRIENDS, IT WILL SLIP RIGHT IN.



TO GET IT BACK OUT, ALL YOU DO IS LIFT THE BOTTLE TO YOUR MOUTH AND BLOW INTO IT VERY HARD--SHAKING THE EGG ABOUT TO MAKE IT SLIDE, POINTED END DOWNWARD, INTO THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE.

REMOVE YOUR MOUTH QUICKLY FROM THE BOTTLE TOP AND THE EGG WILL SHOOT OUT. YOUR FRIENDS WILL WANT TO KNOW THE SECRET OF THIS TRICK. TELL THEM IT IS DUE TO THE DIFFERENCE IN THE AIR PRESSURE INSIDE THE BOTTLE AND OUTSIDE.





COUNT ANTON GASPARD DIDN'T BELIEVE IN THE CURSE OF THE RING OF DARIUS BUT HE SOON FOUND OUT THAT SUCH DISBELIEF MAY BE DISASTER ITSELF!



OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF VISHNU IN AN INDIAN SEAPORT, COUNT ANTON GASPARD PLOTS TO STEAL THE SACRED RING OF DARIUS...

"I KNOW THE RING IS HERE, BOYS. WE'LL GO IN LIKE TOURISTS. THEN WHEN WE GET OUR CHANCE WE'LL GRAB THE RING AND BEAT IT TO THE BOAT!"

"SUPPOSE THESE TEMPLE GUYS GET WISE?"



"THAT'S WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU, JACQUES. IF THEY GET WISE WE'LL SNATCH THE RING ANYWAY AND KILL ANYONE WHO RESISTS. I'VE GOT TO GET THAT RING! IT'S WORTH MILLIONS TO ME--THERE'S NONE LIKE IT IN THE WORLD! SO WE CAN'T FAIL-- NOW GET GOING!"



GASPAR AND HIS MEN SUDDENLY COME UPON TWO TEMPLE PRIESTS---



COUNT GASPAR AND HIS MEN TORTURE THE TEMPLE PRIESTS IN AN ATTEMPT TO FIND THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE RING OF DARIUS--



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TEMPLE COUNT GASPAR AND HIS MEN COME UPON THE ALTAR OF THE GODDESS VISHNU AND DECIDE TO TEAR IT DOWN---

THE RING MUST BE HERE, BOYS. THOSE HINDUS ALWAYS PUT THEIR VALUABLES NEAR THEIR ALTARS. TEAR IT DOWN!



RIGHT, COUNT!

GASPAR AND HIS MEN FRANTICALLY DEMOLISH THE ALTAR OF VISHNU---

THERE'S A BOX OR SOMETHING IN HERE, COUNT!



THE RING OF DARIUS TURNS UP SUDDENLY AND AS IF BY MAGIC---

THE RING! QUICK, LET'S CLEAR OUT BEFORE ANYONE COMES!



SUDDENLY GASPAR AND HIS MEN SEE A HOODED AND SILENT FIGURE STANDING ALONE AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR---

WHO'S THAT?

PROBABLY ANOTHER PRIEST, BUT WHOEVER HE IS, HE WON'T STOP US NOW WE'VE GOT THE RING! IF HE RESISTS, SHOOT TO KILL!



DARIUS THE GREAT RETURNS TO PROTECT HIS RING---

HELP! HELP! LET'S CLEAR OUT, QUICK!

BACK TO THE YACHT, COUNT! LET'S GO!



THE NEXT MORNING, ABOARD COUNT GASPAR'S YACHT---

WELL, WE'RE UNDER WAY, COUNT. IN AN HOUR WE'LL CLEAR THIS FLEA-RIDDEN BURG!

YES, VISHNU BE PRAISED! AND WE'VE GOT THE RING OF DARIUS. IT'LL BRING A FORTUNE IN EUROPE. I HAVE TO LAUGH AT THE WAY WE GOT OUT OF THAT TEMPLE. WE ACTED LIKE SCHOOL BOYS!

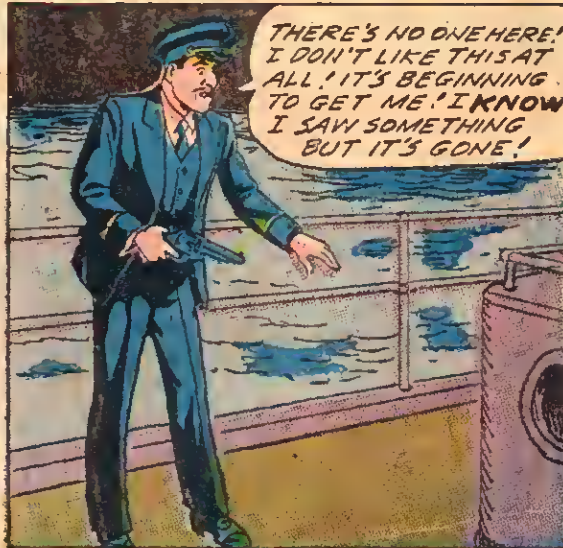
YEAH, BUT I'D GIVE A HEAP TO KNOW JUST WHAT WE DID SEE!

WE SAW NOTHING! IT WAS PROBABLY OUR IMAGINATION! WE MOST LIKELY SAW A BLACK CAT AND IMAGINED THE REST!



THE NIGHT COUNT GASPAR AGAIN ENCOUNTERS THE HOODED FIGURE---

IT'S SOME TRICK! BUT I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



THERE'S NO ONE HERE! I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL! IT'S BEGINNING TO GET ME. I KNOW I SAW SOMETHING BUT IT'S GONE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER COUNT GASPAR RETREATS TO THE SAFETY OF HIS STATEROOM--

DON'T LET ANYONE IN UNLESS I CALL! IF YOU SEE A HOODED FIGURE, SHOOT TO KILL!

O.K. COUNT! YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME FOR THAT!



WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY WON'T GET THIS RING! LET THEM COME! THEY'LL GET A HOT RECEPTION!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, COUNT GASPAR HEARS THE BLACK CAT CALLING TO HIM--



COUNT GASPAR IS SUDDENLY AWARE THAT TWO HOODED FIGURES ARE STANDING BEHIND THE BLACK CAT--



COUNT GASPAR SUDDENLY SEES THE TWO TEMPLE PRIESTS WHOM HE HAD KILLED THE DAY BEFORE---

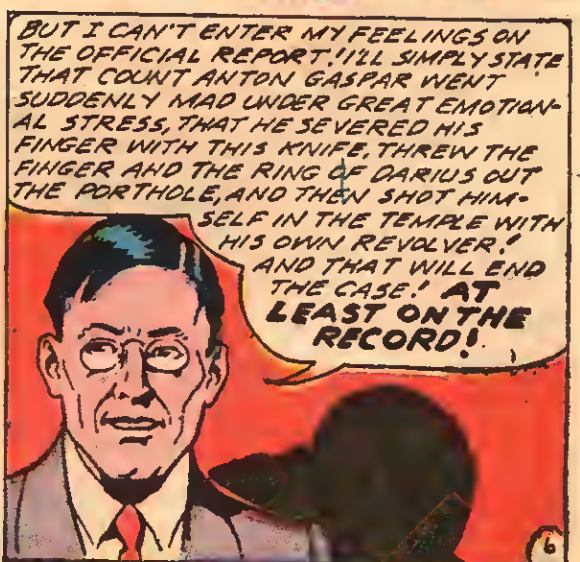
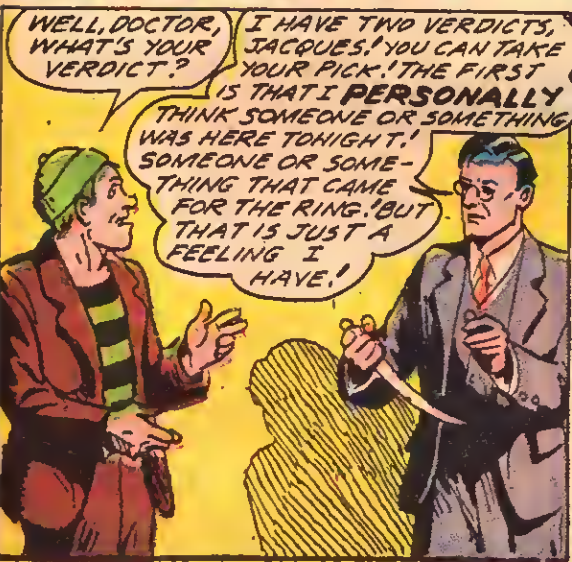
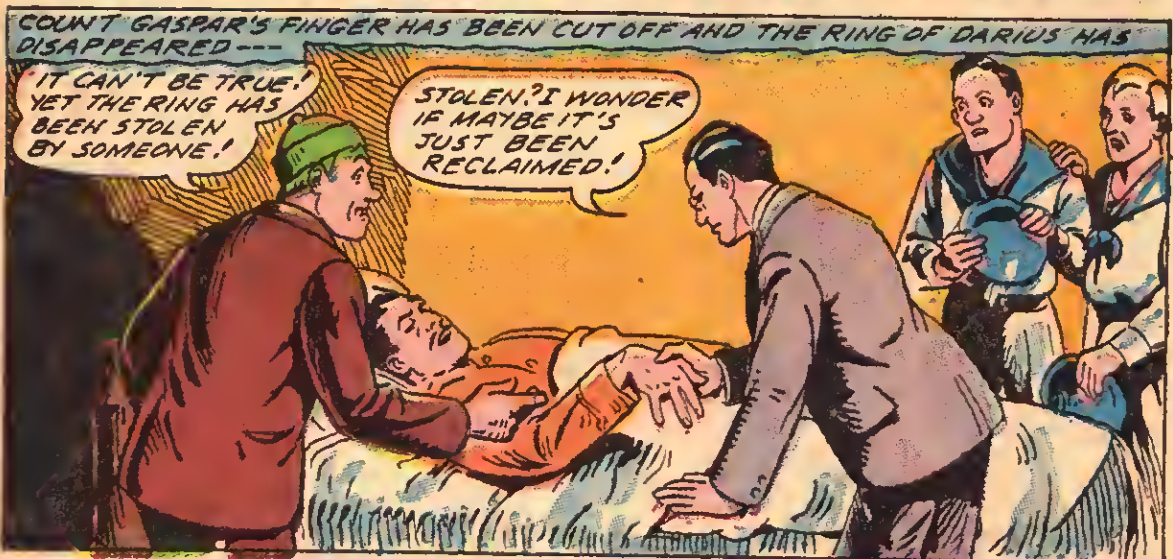


COUNT GASPAR'S MEN RUSH TO THE RESCUE---



GASPAR'S MEN SMASH THE DOOR AND TUMBLE INTO THE ROOM---





Lucky You

MISS, DO YOU KNOW YOU WERE DRIVING SIXTY MILES AN HOUR?

ISN'T THAT SPLENDID! I JUST LEARNED HOW TO DRIVE TO DAY!

WHAT IS THAT TRAMP STEAMER SIGNALLING US?

THEY WANT A DIME FOR A CUP OF COFFEE!

HOW DO YOU DO?
WE WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO
HAVE YOU FOR DINNER TO MORROW!

I HAVEN'T SEEN
YA FOR A MONTH-
WATCHA BEEN
DOIN'?

THIRTY
DAYS!

SO YOU'RE
PLAYING THE
STOCK MARKET
AGAIN! WHAT
ARE YOU- A
BULL OR A BEAR?

A JACKASS!

WALL ST



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